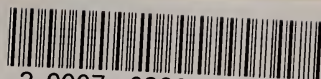


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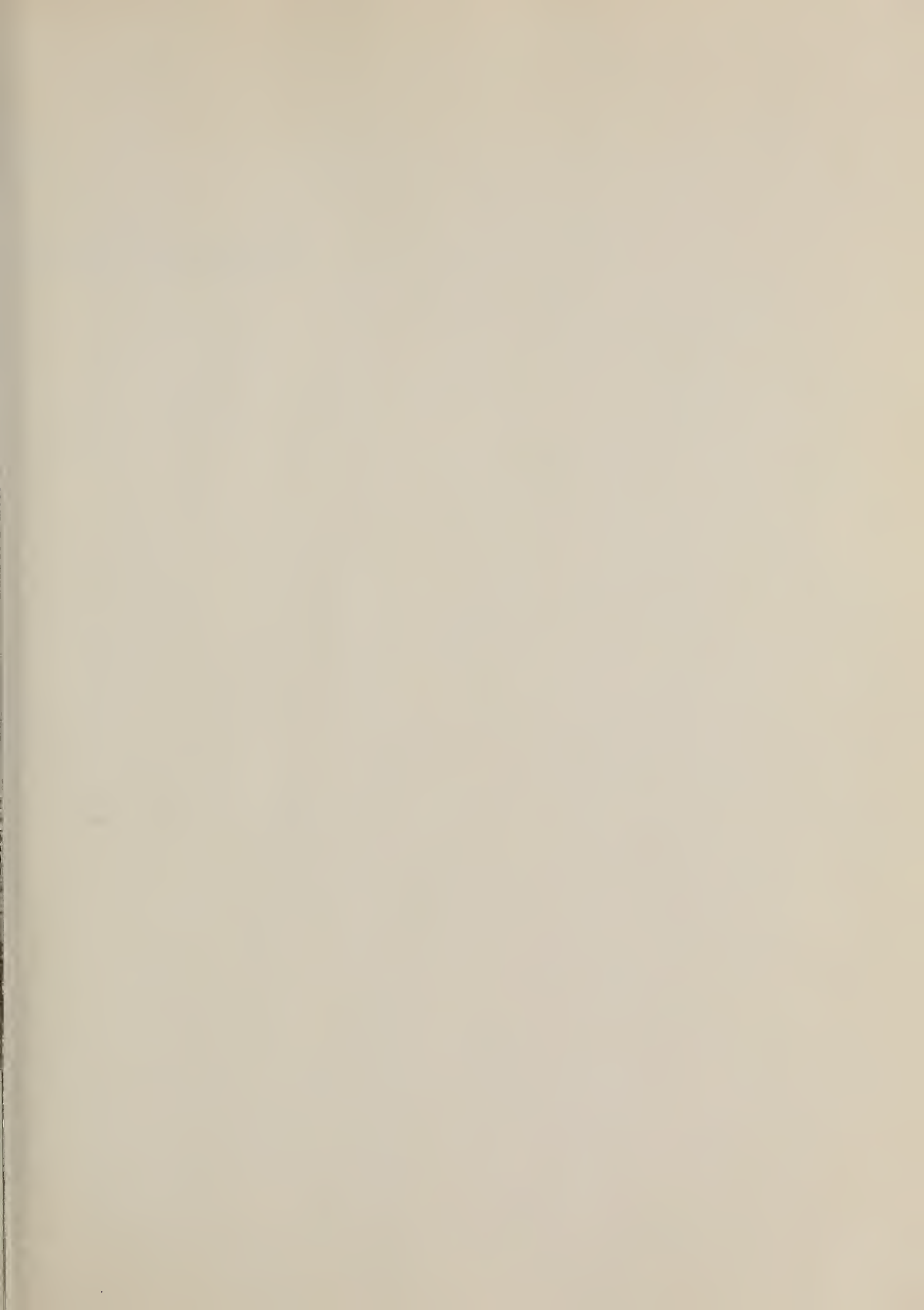


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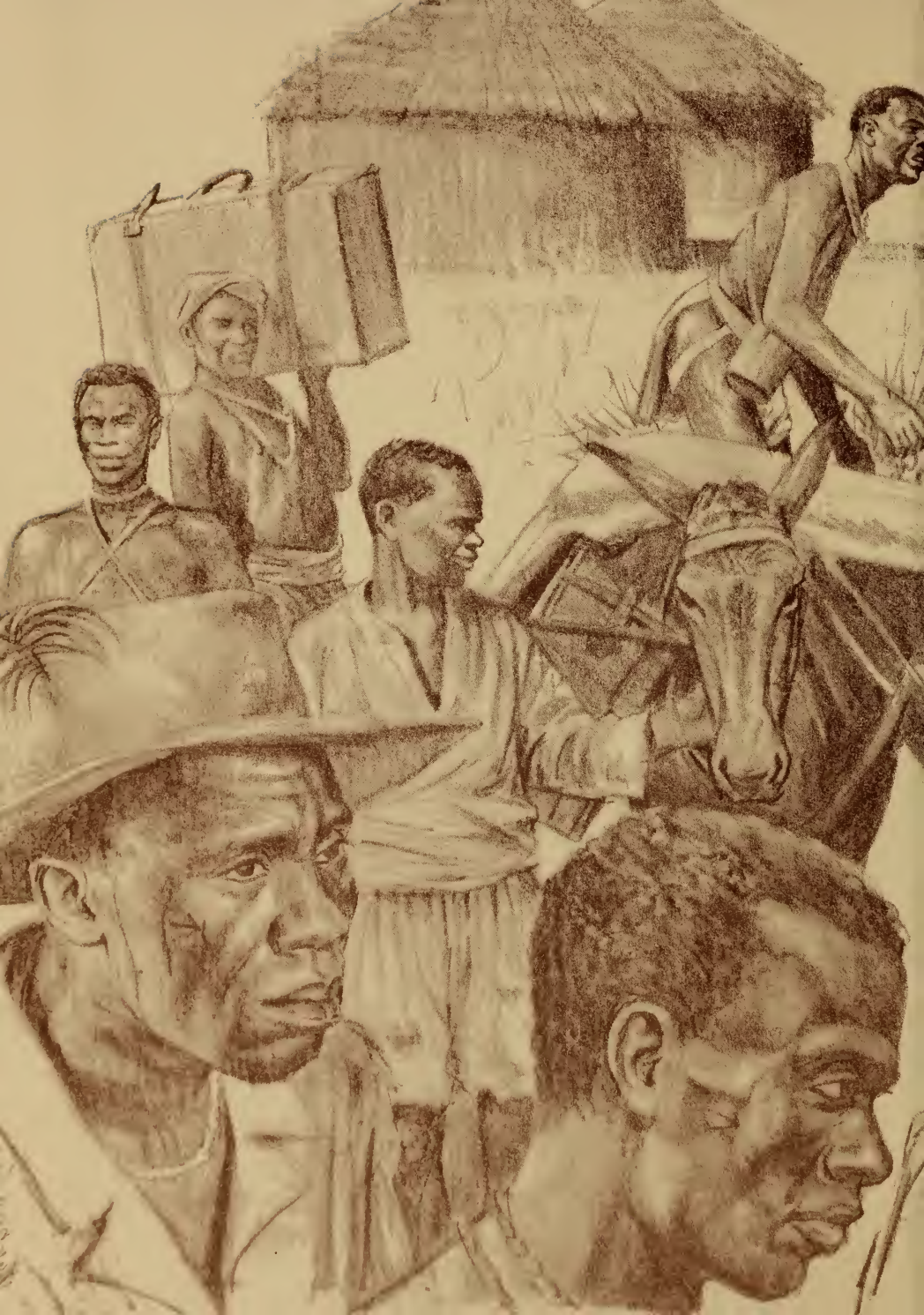
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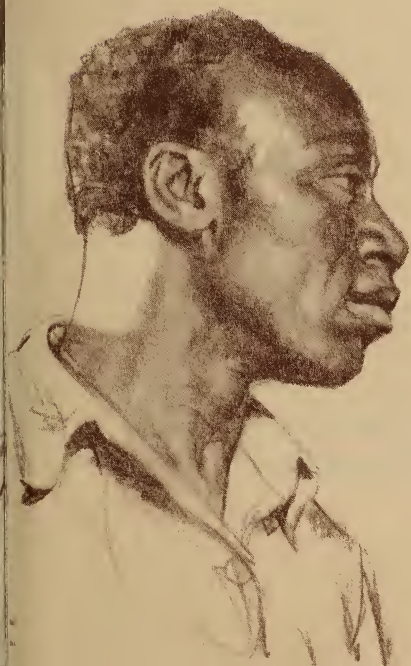


Africa Disturbed

by EMORY and MYRTA ROSS

With illustrations by HARPER JOHNSON

FRIENDSHIP PRESS
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Foreword

"Changes Shake African Continent," declare newspaper headlines in the United States. A television newscaster reports on newly independent African countries and on strikes and riots in Africa. Religious magazines speak of "Partnership, Not Paternalism" and the need for a new understanding of the ways in which the gospel must be expressed.

In 1958, awareness of these revolutionary changes drew us back to Africa, which we had known since 1912. Our purpose was to prepare a book that would present Africans' reactions to the impact of the West on their lives.

Three friends made it possible for us to take the trip. We cannot adequately express our gratitude to Lansdell K. Christie, president of the Liberia Mining Company; Harold K. Hochschild, honorary chairman of American Metal Climax, Inc., and John J. Farrell of Farrell Lines.

"So much is written about Africans from the Westerner's point of view," an African friend told us. "If you really report what we say about ourselves we will be glad."

We have tried to do that. In many cases, direct quotations are made and have been checked with those quoted. Sometimes we have paraphrased or combined views. Africans are diverse in origin, language, experience, and judgment. What is reported from one region may not wholly represent another. These are the difficulties of writing about Africa, as about any land.

The moving masses of Africa will not be suppressed. The forces that the West has aroused must find outlets. Complete independence is the Africans' goal. The movement toward total liberation has begun and cannot be held back.

Ten years ago, there were four politically independent areas in Africa, including the Union of South Africa. By 1959, the number of such areas had increased to nine and by 1960 it will be at least thirteen. Some 113 million people, about half of Africa's population, will then be self-governing.

What does this movement mean for the world? For the Christian church? For industry and trade? For education? For relations between white people and people of color all over the world?

What does it mean for the days ahead? What does it mean for our own grandchildren—Sandra, Shelley, Roger, Jr., Robert, Beth, Philip, Anita, Barbara—and their contemporaries in all lands, who hold the future in their hands? We have thought of them as we have written this book, and we dedicate it to them.

More than two hundred African friends helped us answer questions like these in personal interviews. To them we express great gratitude.

Hundreds of other friends, Western, Asian, and African, contributed to the book in other ways. Many of them, and the companies they represent, provided us with hospitality and transportation. We remember and appreciate their thoughtful kindness.

All of these friends have helped to write this book, although we do not hold them responsible for its phrasing. It has not had the advantage of scientific sampling or research methods. It presents the impressions of our trip, traced on the background of some years of contact with most of the African countries.

To each of these friends we say our thanks in our treasured Lonkundo language of the Congo: *Eoto mongo*—You are indeed our relative.

Contents

FOREWORD	v
1. DISTURBED	1
2. "ON A BRIDGE"	31
3. DOORSTEP – HEARTH – HOME	54
4. THE DRIFT	67
5. OLD PATTERNS AND NEW	77
6. LABOR, LAND, CASH, AND LAW	89
7. THE IMPACT OF COMMUNICATIONS	107
8. THE PRESS	114
9. RADIO AND FILMS	126
10. THE VALUE OF ART	135
11. PERSON TO PERSON	144
12. MUSIC, FOLKLORE, AND DRAMA	156
13. THE POWER OF AN IDEA	165

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1. *Disturbed*

"Are you happier, more secure, more satisfied with life than your father was?"

With this question we began the first of the interviews that were the purpose of our visit to Africa. We wanted to learn what Africans themselves were feeling about the swift changes, the difficult problems, the hopes and fears that exist in Africa today.

The man with whom we were talking was a schoolmaster, born in 1912, the year of our own first personal contact with Africa. We had not met him before, but we had one thing in common: seeing and sharing somewhat in the great changes of the past half-century in Africa. And we had mutual, long-time friends. We spoke first of friends.

Then we put the question.

"Are you happier, more secure, more satisfied with life than your father was?"

The March day was bright. The Indian Ocean rolled ceaselessly up on Africa's eastern shore, the sounds of its surf mingling with the low city hum of Lourenço Marques, capital of Mozambique. The Swiss Protestant mission's school building was gratefully cool and still.

Then in this seeming remoteness from bustle and worry, in this Christian haven where a dozen succeeding school genera-

tions of African students have prepared for the new life surging in upon Africa, the schoolmaster raised his eyes.

"No," he said. "I don't think I am. You see, my father was not disturbed."

Disturbed! A key word in Africa today is "disturbed." In villages and cities, in tribal councils and the new legislative assemblies, in protectorates, colonies, trust territories, self-governing territories, republics, kingdoms—all Africa is disturbed.

North Africa is disturbed by factors peculiar to itself. This book makes almost no reference to North Africa except to say that disturbances of many kinds in that vast area have been and will continue to be of influence in Africa south of the Sahara, which is the Africa of which we write.

The degree, the nature, and the manifestation of disturbance vary throughout Africa. The causes are manifold. No one can accurately estimate and analyze the extent of disturbance in Africa today.

The animistic religions of Africa, which are similar in many ways to the beliefs of the pagan neighbors of the Old Testament tribes, are disturbed.

The communal society of Africa and the ancient tribal customary laws are being uprooted.

The barter economy is rapidly undergoing changes that in other large societies have taken generations.

Africa's close, spiritual, group relationship to the land, to Mother Earth, is breaking, though not yet broken. The fanatic Mau Mau uprising in Kenya, which cost thousands in lives, was directly linked to this changing relationship to the land and to all the deep spiritual, communal, and economic powers it has in African life.

One of the greatest disturbances in Africa centers in the marriage and home relationships of husband and wife and children, and the place and influence of women in the new society.

All of these fundamentals, and many others interlocked, are today in process of swifter change in Africa among more millions of people (who among themselves have great variations in beliefs and customs) than has ever been known before.

The speed, breadth, and depth of this change show something of great strength in Africa's people and may indicate something of the power Africa will contribute to world development.

Many forces are producing changes in the continent. Africans more and more are speaking for themselves about these forces and their effects, and we intend that this book, first of all, will express African opinions, in words spoken to us as we listened day by day across the continent. We include our own comments. They are intended to provide background and to increase the understanding between Africans and readers who have had little opportunity for personal contact with Africa.

There is one revolutionary concept that has been perhaps more pervasive and dynamic than any other in the beginning break-up of Africa's strong, animistic, communal society. This concept is the Christian religion's emphasis on the power and responsibility of the individual. This emphasis has been brought not only by Christian churches and missionaries, but by all the other social, economic, and political forces that it produced in the West. The acceptance by more and more Africans of the power of the individual, and of the necessity for the individual to make a choice and to accept responsibility for that choice spells the eventual end of traditional communal society in Africa and of the animistic religion that is its partner.

The change will affect the whole of life. It will be long in process. Its results will not just copy the West. Modifications of Western patterns are certain to be made, and probably made differently in different parts of Africa. We need look no further than Canada and the United States, both with basic West European roots, to see how nations influenced by the same ideas can be different from their rootage and from one another.

The educational process from the West has been a major creative disturbance in Africa, brought and, for a hundred years, carried principally by Christian missions. Education is generally rated a slow process. But "slow" is a relative term. Traditional evolution from the stage of animistic communal societies has taken mankind generations, and even centuries, in the past. In contrast, education in the last fifty years in Africa has been almost explosive in its effect on society. There is no parallel in history for the impact that education has had on so large a mass of people in an animistic communal society.

In 1912, we found languages in Africa still in process of being reduced to writing. Literature in all of these tongues was in embryo. Forty-six years later, we visited seven universities¹ established within the last decade.

A number of Africans have already earned Western medical degrees abroad. But within another couple of years Africans will be receiving degrees in medicine right in Africa, in communities where fetishes are still numerous and age-long faith in witch doctors is far from gone. And there will be other graduates trained in science, law, business administration, theology, education, agriculture, economics.

¹ The seven universities were: University College, Salisbury; University College, Makerere; Lovanium, Leopoldville; University College, Ibadan; University College of Ghana; University of Liberia; University of Dakar.

Africans' urge for education up to the highest levels is great everywhere, even in Portuguese and Spanish territories where they have small opportunity for it. A vivid view of that desire was given us in the Belgian Congo when we spent an evening with a group of people at Coquilhatville on the Congo River at the equator. In the large new home of an influential African leader some twenty young business and professional Africans had gathered. The wife of the chief and the wife of a young missionary acted as hostesses. Among the group were sons and daughters of friends of the twenties when our home was in this area.

"Why aren't more of us Protestant young people ready to enter the universities?" they asked. "Why hasn't there been more emphasis on the education of women? Just because it sometimes seems harder to keep girls in school, ought the church to give up and not insist on girls getting higher education?" There is significance for the future in the fact that hard questions are today insistently asked by Africans.

In all seven of the universities we visited, instruction is carried on in the European language of the country, French or English. And the other language is generally taught. Parts of Africa may become bilingual, using both of these European languages.

In other ways, too, the universities are building international relations. Faculties are recruited from many countries. Visiting lecturers come with widely diverse cultural and national backgrounds. African students enroll from a variety of tribes and territories. European, Indian, Levantine, Muslim, Coptic, and other backgrounds are represented among the students. Interuniversity, interterritorial, international conferences meet at the universities.

While we were in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, the University College there for the first time acted as host for an inter-

territorial and interracial sports meet. The new non-sectarian University of Elisabethville, the Belgian Congo, had sent teams in soccer, tennis, checkers, chess, bridge, and track. Some twenty students and faculty, Africans and Europeans, had driven down from Elisabethville and were lodged at the University College, which is likewise interracial.

Dr. Walter Adams, principal of the University College, had a reception and tea for the visitors, to which he kindly invited us. Lord Dalhousie, governor-general of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, gave felicitous welcome to the Congo group. The gathering was cordial and happy. Newspaper photographers took pictures, in one of which the governor-general had Congo guests on either side.

The next day's issue of one of the Salisbury newspapers carried the picture of the governor-general and the guests from the Congo. But a Congo African, who had been placed at the extreme left of the line for the photograph, was no longer in the picture. The newspaper, using techniques not unknown elsewhere, had cropped the picture so that the only persons seen with the governor-general were white.

Family solidarity can be disturbed when a child has received a formal education and his parents have not. Goromonzi High School, one of the largest and best in Southern Rhodesia, tries to bridge the gap. J. M. Hammond, its principal, and his staff have sponsored a biennial Parents' Week End. We were invited to attend one. Some three hundred parents and relatives were there, guests of the school. A few had come as far as five hundred miles by bus or car. Students gave up their dormitory beds to family visitors and took to the floors themselves for sleep. Dining hall meals were festive occasions. During the day the young people

competed vigorously in a dozen sports events before the admiring parents. Awards were bestowed amid great shouting and applause. Then came high tea, prepared and served by the students to parents and visitors.

Followed the assembly in the large chapel, students and parents filing in, laborers, farmers, tribal chiefs, members of parliament. The principal rose to welcome all, interpret the occasion and introduce the speaker, H. Jacques Rousseau, professor of education at the University College in Salisbury. Mr. Rousseau spoke about nations with high literacy and other cultural attainments that had moved to forward places in world leadership.

The benediction was pronounced in completest quiet. Then the crowded room became filled with movement, with talk in many languages. Congratulations, laughter, embraces, farewells—the day was over. The generations, their old life disturbed by this new academic education, were yet a bit more tightly linked while even a bit more widely spread.

We shall not forget the Parents' Week End at Goromonzi. Nor shall we forget, in the continental picture of African education, another University College in the ancient walled Nigerian city of Ibadan, which, though only a decade old, served as one of the five satellite observation stations in Africa for the International Geophysical Year. It is thus no stretch of truth to say that today, in this second largest continent on earth, with more than 200 million people, education extends from pre-literate, animistic, communal man right out to interplanetary space.

The situation is unprecedented and the rest of the world lacks experience in planning and aiding efficiently and speedily in ways acceptable.

Another factor at once disturbing and creative in Africa is

Western economy. The West's first high-volume economic impact on Africa was the slave trade, beginning in the 1500's and lasting for two centuries.

Commerce grew along the coasts, based on raw materials from Africa and cheap manufactured goods from Europe. Then Henry M. Stanley "opened" the continent by a thirty-four months' journey ending in August, 1877, at Banana, the Congo River's mouth, where he found no bananas.

In the years since then mines, roads, railroads, dams, coffee, rubber, cotton, cocoa, ever expanding trade and two world wars have brought many changes. Great cities have grown where there were only scattered villages. When Stanley stopped at what is now Leopoldville, seven Africans met him. Three hundred thousand Africans and twenty thousand Europeans live there now.

Tens of thousands of stores, little and big, have been established in Africa. As cars, trucks, engines, airplanes, and machines of all kinds come into the continent, oil to run them follows and becomes in itself an important economic factor. Trade, traffic, and taxes increase—Africa is right in the world stream.

For two generations or more America has invested capital in Africa, and American businessmen have been working there. American goods have been sold in increasing volume.

But it was only in 1926 that the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company launched the first substantial American investment in Africa to be wholly under American management. The result is a ninety thousand acre rubber plantation in Liberia, the largest in the world. The firm has encouraged and aided the establishment of more than a thousand Liberian-owned rubber farms. Rubber production has substantially helped the government and citizens of Liberia in private and public works.

Firestone money and staff have developed education, recreation, and health services throughout the huge plantation. An interdenominational church has been established. Aid has long been given to nearby Booker Washington Institute, now the Liberian government's trade and agricultural school, which was founded at Kakata in 1929 by American mission boards, the Phelps-Stokes Fund, and the old Liberia colonization societies. The company's own schools serve thousands of children and employees in the villages on the plantation.

The Rhodesian Selection Trust is a mining enterprise in which American Metal Climax, Inc., and other American interests own more than half the capital invested. The trust owns about half the copper in Northern Rhodesia. Europeans and Africans are employed at the mines and their relationships are strained. The Rhodesian Selection Trust in recent years has stood firmly for Africans' advancement in skills and grades and salaries. The European workmen in general are unsympathetic to this position. Strikes have at times seriously reduced production and labor's earnings. But the principle of open channels for Africans deserving advancement is consistently maintained.

This mining group has given public and private aid to African education, technical and managerial training, agriculture, health, recreation, publications, travel and housing facilities, and other elements for better living and cultural growth for Africans as well as Europeans.

A later enterprise with American capital and management is the Liberia Mining Company, incorporated in 1946 in Liberia, and now selling f.o.b. Monrovia more than 20 million dollars worth of iron ore a year. This volume has its importance. But of significance also are the relations with the Liberian people directly

and through their government. The latter nominates three Liberians to the board of directors. The Liberian government's current participation in net profits is 25 per cent. It will reach its full participation of 50 per cent within a decade. Scores of nationals are in steadily up-graded positions in the mines and offices. There are periodic increases in wages, and other benefits. Education, health, medical research, recreation are aided. Full time, fully qualified Liberian and foreign personnel work in school, church, and hospital on the mining compound. Valuable things besides iron ore appear to be coming to the surface at Bomi Hill, that great mound of rich earth so recently disturbed after lying quiet through centuries. The relationships and gains in this enterprise appear sound and helpful to those directly concerned and to international understanding and co-operation.

American merchandising and transport have gradually penetrated most of Africa. The Ford Model T was the sturdy fore-runner. American oil companies do large business in Africa. On this journey we saw mostly Caltex and Texaco representatives because of long personal friendships and courtesies. We were impressed by the breadth of their community and social understandings and private services.

Oil has "disturbed" men, nations, and continents. Further discovery and production of oil within Africa seem likely, and they will bring disturbance. But it is quite within man's power to use creatively and beneficially the disturbance brought by oil and other basic goods and by additional elements of the vigorous economy of the West that have so transformed life. To insure such good use of a growing economy seems an aim of a number of new African governments. Western help should be made freely available to them.



Economics, education, and communications, three interfunctioning elements in Africa's rapid change, are working constantly all over the continent. Take another example in Liberia as an illustration.

The country's economic strength has grown greatly in recent years. The growth is reflected in some of its educational institutions, both in what they can draw from abroad and the support they can receive from within Liberia.

Liberia is a 112-year-old West African republic of 43,000 square miles. It is 3,500 air miles from Tanganyika, the East African trust territory of some 360,000 square miles. In past years there has been almost no interchange between these two distant and very different African areas. But at Cuttington College in Liberia we met three Tanganyikan youths, one Christian and two Muslims, who had flown across the continent to enter the finest union Christian college in Liberia. Our talk with them was revealing and stimulating. We learned that the African-run Tanganyika African National Union had put these young men in touch with the college, and the Phelps-Stokes Fund in America had provided some of the necessary money. The devout Muslim parents, including a father who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, had given their willing consent.

One of the Muslim students said to us, "I am an example of the influence of Christianity. Because Muslim education is not well advanced, my learning was largely in a Christian mission school and in a government school that is Christian influenced. When I reached Cuttington I learned that if I wanted to graduate I must take some study of the Bible. I wasn't sure what to do. So I wrote my father. His reply came back and said if study of the Bible were required for me to graduate, then study it and



*"We have to
learn how to...
build unity"*

Clothing style reflects politics.

In South Africa, police break up a demonstration during trial of opponents of apartheid.





Four of the five justices of the Supreme Court of Liberia hear a case.

any other subjects required. 'Study of the Bible will give you a broader education, but don't change your religion,' he said. So I'm taking Bible."

Now the Muslims like the Christians, the Christians warmly welcome the Muslims, the trust territory's subjects feel friendly toward the republic's citizens, the American foundation is happy to have helped, Cuttington College is making another of its contributions to the African continent far outside the boundaries of Liberia. The Tanganyika parents are a bit lonely but at the same time glad, the Tanganyika African National Union awaits expectantly in its U. N. trust territory the return of its republic-trained protégés, and creative disturbance is in process in Africa.

This creative disturbance is in great part due to the increase in the vast networks and powers of communications throughout the world. It is difficult if not impossible to estimate the full influence on our day and our future of transportation facilities, of electric, electronic, and other as yet undisclosed means of transmitting words and ideas; of the greatly increased volume and variety of publications, and the high speed with which they can be delivered almost anywhere; of the influence of travel and personal observation; of films and projected pictures of all kinds; of organizations with access to all forms of transmission and interchange for special interests or action.

Africa is particularly influenced by this almost unbelievable variety of communication. For Africa's immediately preceding experience was that of isolated, illiterate, multiracial, communal societies of great antiquity. There was little if any encouragement to seek change.

But now Africa is being swiftly introduced into what is called "advanced" society. And the introduction is at a moment when

that advanced society is itself "advancing" in science, in the penetration of the unknown, in communications more rapidly than ever before.

The advanced society puts heavy strains on the minds and emotions of men, and Africans are learning that many persons break or are bowed under them. All across Africa doctors speak of the increasing number of cases of hypertension, nervous breakdowns, strokes, and suicides. Psychopathology and psychiatry are now requisites in today's disturbed Africa, even as they are in the West. In Ghana we visited with Dr. S. D. Cudjoe, medical officer for nervous diseases in the mental hospital in Accra, where there are some 1,400 patients.

"Some of the needed emotional safety valves of the old life have been blocked or sheared away," Dr. Cudjoe said. "In former times a man with problems could talk matters over with some of the family, or with the chief who was father to the whole village. The problems were usually familiar and members of the tribe could give aid and balance. There were other safety valves; a man could go and work on the land, or he could fish or hunt. He didn't have to have money to live. Now, in the cities, away from families and chiefs, he is burdened with unfamiliar problems, and emotional and nervous breakdowns appear more numerous and severe."

Dr. Cudjoe himself offers a noteworthy example of a man with diversified interests. He is a skilled musician, possesses a wide acquaintance with literature and art, and is one of the prime movers in Ghana for preserving the best in the old culture to enrich the new.

Despite all the strains felt by the Africans as they try to adjust to the impact of Western culture, they are doing it swiftly. In-

deed, now that Africans are adopting the pace set by the West, Westerners tend to cry out that Africans want to go too fast. Whereupon Africans can with reason feel that the speed earlier pressed upon them was more for the European's profit than for the African's. Thus tension grows when Europeans oppose the progress the Africans want.

Take nationalism as an illustration. In relation to Africa, the term is used by different people to mean different things at different times, and is therefore hard to define. But nearly always it means that Africans want more and more to participate in and then to control their own governments. This has been a basic urge through the centuries almost everywhere. The ancestors of today's citizens of every European power now in Africa have fought for political control. Africans are reading, following, and making history. They will not be denied.

There appears in Africa a fairly direct connection between Western type general education of the people and a desire for participation in government and other aspects of society. Compulsory universal education does not exist anywhere in Africa south of the Sahara. Money, teachers, housing, and equipment are as yet inadequate. But where the nearest approach to mass education has been made, interest in participation in government seems greatest. Mass education would seem to be a deadly enemy of continued colonial rule.

And the reverse appears true. In the colonial areas where government has not wanted or permitted any approach to mass education, Africans have made the least move toward political activity. The chief examples in this regard are in the Portuguese and the much smaller Spanish areas. In the European countries of both of those powers the Roman Catholic Church, wielding

the greatest educational and religious influence, clearly does not believe in mass education. And that same attitude has been the one they have adopted overseas.

The Portuguese have had contact for nearly five hundred years with what is now Angola. There is no color bar in Portugal or in its overseas territories. This is good. But there is what might well be called a culture bar, both in Portugal and in its overseas territories. Too little is being done through mass education to overcome that culture bar anywhere in the territories. And there are as yet no open demands by Africans for self-government and other broad participation in their own affairs such as one finds in other African areas. Portuguese as well as Spanish areas appear to most visitors to be inhabited by relatively content Africans.

As a consequence the late Bishop De Hemptine, Belgian Roman Catholic missionary in the Katanga province for over fifty years, could chidingly tell the Belgian government some years ago that if Belgium wanted to stay in Congo indefinitely, it should consider making the Roman Catholic Church the sole educational agency in the Congo, and follow the policies that the church had been successfully using in the neighboring Angola for some centuries.

Such withholding of education has never been the Belgian policy in the Congo, even when the Catholic party has been in political control in Belgium. As a result economic and cultural and more lately political participation of Africans in the Congo moves forward. Some deplorable riots and bloodshed have recently occurred. More may be in store. But the Belgian government is publicly committed to African self-government.

Nationalism is and will continue to be an increasingly dis-

turbing force in most parts of Africa. In many ways nationalism that produces political advancement is a creative force and should be used as such everywhere. The events of the past ten years in Ghana have been reassuring on the whole, and encouraging. But in West Africa there have been almost no permanent European residents or "settlers." A West African who must have been a keen observer of the whole of Africa once remarked that West Africa ought to erect a great monument to the anopheles mosquito, the carrier of the malaria that discouraged white men from settling there.

In the "white settler" areas, Europeans have in most cases made sound economic advances for themselves and for some Africans. But the years pass. Education spreads. People learn of almost unbelievable changes elsewhere in Africa and abroad. It is no wonder that hundreds of thousands of Africans demand greater participation in many areas of life.

As Africans press for the increased control of government they are sure to get, they find themselves in dispute with Europeans over the timing of their demands. Personal relations between African and European leaders become strained, embittered, then sometimes completely blocked.

An African friend of ours of many years who has entered politics visited one day with a European of moderate views. He was seen doing so by an African colleague who bitterly assailed him later in language that cannot be quoted. The gist of the reprimand was that Africans should have no contact with Europeans, even moderates, not even to talk with them. Our friend felt keenly the problem of communication between the two races if that attitude were to prevail.

"How," he said, "can understanding and agreement ever be

reached if we can have no communication with Europeans except by proposals and denunciations and ultimatums in the public press and in the legislative forums?"

Blocking communications between people in any part of Africa is regrettable and can be dangerous. It is a very disturbing factor indeed in the Union of South Africa, where apartheid¹ is the government policy.

Apartheid as a political policy can be defined literally as the complete, enforced, permanent physical separation of people on the basis of color. This kind of separation of people has never been accomplished in recorded history. It seems unlikely ever to be. But the threat of trying to in the Union, even in modified form, disturbs the whole of life there.

A part of apartheid has been the passing of laws requiring universal detailed personal registration of individuals, to make clear the blood heritage of every person. A Capetown man, required by such law to produce a birth certificate, had a hard search to secure one. When one was finally produced from the records he saw under "Race" the entry "Mixed." This meant he would be classified as a "colored" person although he had never known he was anything but "white." He and his family were shocked by the apartheid-poisoned atmosphere of their society. None of them wanted to be separated. They were a unit, bound as families are and should be, by total heritage and enfolding love.

But the "mixed" on the birth certificate got around. Adults looked and talked and drew away. Children began to point and leer. There was growing coldness all about. The mother became distraught. Tensions mounted. Apartness entered. The family

¹ Pronounced apart-hate. Literal meaning: apart-ness.

broke up. Home was gone. Nothing was left but bitterness and ashes.

One night in South Africa we were invited to dinner by distinguished colored friends. Other guests were white and colored and black: university lecturers, lawyers, school principals, research specialists. The house was large, built on freehold land; the home of lovely, buoyant children.

"This neighborhood has been my home since childhood, and my father's before me," our host told us. "We've lived here since it was a little village. It is a happy neighborhood and we love it. It is home. The people are our friends."

White and colored had lived quietly there in peace and content for two generations, and more. Now, however, the apartheid-conceived Urban Areas Act gave basis for legal decree that this area be declared a white residential section and that all "coloreds" find place elsewhere. And the "elsewhere," of course, usually means areas that are depressed, distant, with fewer utilities, unpaved streets and walks, overly crowded—and *segregated*. Segregated not by natural inclination and choice but by a force momentarily possessed by other men, fellow men.

"Where we shall go, we have no idea," the mother in the home said. "It is tearing out our roots to leave here. And especially to face, and have our children face, what it seems we will have to in any area where we will be permitted to move."

Spiritually, ideologically, financially, totally, an experience like this can be of massive detrimental effect on human beings. The natural result is bitterness and hate. For man-decreed, permanent, enforced, complete apartness of people is the antithesis of that love of God that made man, and the earth as man's dwelling place.

South African government spokesmen speak with pride of the public funds spent for education of Africans—more per capita, they state, than is spent by any other government in Africa. They appear not to know that education and racial repression never march peacefully together.

Garfield Todd, as a New Zealand missionary in Southern Rhodesia, worked in education for twenty years. The schools he and his wife and colleagues began and enlarged produced graduates who were assets to Southern Rhodesia.

The country grew and changed. It unhesitatingly subsidized, expanded, and added more and more years to the public schools for Africans, up through high school. For fifteen years or more the government paid greater subsidies to mission schools for training African teachers than any other government south of the equator. It provided for more African agricultural instructors to train farmers than any other country in Africa. Thus Africans now are ready to take additional part in cultural, economic, and political activities.

Sir Godfrey Huggins, now Lord Malvern, presided over the government during this rather progressive quarter-century. Eight years or so ago he tapped Garfield Todd for political service. Todd succeeded him as prime minister of Southern Rhodesia when Lord Malvern became the first prime minister of the new Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

But difficulties are increasing. The small minority of Europeans have complete control of Southern Rhodesia and effective control of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. They also direct the central government of the Federation. However, fifty years of education in Christian schools has sparked desire and determination for change in many of the several millions of African

men and women in the three territories. Now that it has done so, a certain proportion, at the moment apparently a majority, of the Europeans in the area are fearful of giving greater participation in government to the African people they have helped advance.

Garfield Todd, from his years of teaching and working with Africans, knows their ability and character. He and a number of other white Rhodesians believe in trusting the Africans and in training them in private and public service and in the responsibilities of the vigorous society needed in a new country like the Federation. All the human resources—African and European—are required to work in harmony to develop the tremendous physical resources.

Todd and his close colleagues are currently out of political office. Constructive African leadership is dismayed and somewhat discouraged. Extremist African leadership rightly senses its opportunity. And a country that could be great is at present a baffled country with uncertain goal. It is understandably disturbed, as all Africa is, but at the moment distraught rather than creative.

Disturbing, and disturbed too, in Africa today is the Christian church. Many Africans consider it the most disturbing of all Western imports. The Christian emphasis on the sacredness of personality, on the value of the human mind and heart and spirit, on the rights and powers and duties of the individual—this is the spiritual basis for all the creative change coming so liberatingly in Africa.

“Christianity has been a stimulus, giving Africans dissatisfaction with what they had, making them aspire to more,” Pastor Isaac Kanyinda told us at Luluabourg, Belgian Congo.

But the Western church has also brought to Africa the denominationalism and sectarianism, the man-made divisiveness and competition of Western Christianity. Sometimes these differences and divisions have been expressed publicly and bitterly. To many Africans they seem to be baffling denials of Christ's love and his desire for oneness. Every African with whom we talked of these divisions felt that way.

An East African delegate to the Ghana meeting of the International Missionary Council told us a West African delegate had said there, "If the Christian church brings divisions amongst us and in our African unity, we've no place for such Christianity."

At six o'clock one morning at Bolenge, in the Congo, we saw Nathanael Bongalemba reading the Bible and speaking to a group of workmen from many tribes. Another morning we watched as he ministered to patients at the mission hospital there. When we talked with this Christian pastor about his faith, his replies touched on disturbance and unity.

"The gospel of Jesus Christ has brought the greatest change in my lifetime," he said. "The Bible has been the most unifying force."

There was hopefulness and appreciation in what he had to say about the Congo Christian Institute at Bolenge. Pastor Bongalemba has seen five missions working together to provide higher education through the Institute. Faculty and students, of different nationalities and denominations, worship and study together.

"But the biggest change in these last years is the way the missionaries are drawing us Africans into closer co-operation and consultation on church and mission policies. We counsel in one body now, and that is good," this pastor said.



Miners peer from their quarters in a compound in South Africa.

"We're moving, changing from old to new"



Youngsters who live in the Congo meet at an exposition in Belgium.

"But the church is too hesitant about giving Africans responsibility," Mrs. John Karefa-Smart said in Sierra Leone as we visited with her and her husband, Dr. John Karefa-Smart, minister of Lands, Mines, and Labour for his government.

"It is urgent that true partnership become real within the churches soon, or it may be too late," these friends told us.

The desire of Africans for unity in their Christian faith and for fellowship in their Christian life makes them respond warmly to approaches from other Christians through the World Council of Churches, the International Missionary Council, and other bodies.

A few years ago, Lusaka, capital of Northern Rhodesia and the city nearest to some of the richest copper deposits in the world, was difficult to reach from east, west, north, or south. But now Viscount airliners put one down from straight above, and Lusaka is not only much closer to the world but has golf, swimming, skyscrapers, cinemas, and a fine hotel that will put up guests of any color.

There at Lusaka one night we were invited to the home of Rev. and Mrs. Merfyn Morley Temple. We had been around town that day with Mr. Temple and noted his interest in the total life of Africans at their work, in the midst of their art, at the bookstore where he was in charge, among the merchants and the politicians. We found him disturbed over many things, such as the city's spending more on the police force than on education—"Getting ready for delinquency," he remarked. Having seen his broad interests we were not surprised to find among Africans at his home that evening a merchant, an architect, a librarian, a printer, a Native Court's adviser, several teachers, a welfare officer, and the secretary of the African National Congress, a

African political organization working for a greater share in government. The group had been invited to meet Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Van Doorn of Utrecht, the Netherlands, who were there heading the World Council of Churches' regional study of the responsibility of the Christian church in African areas of rapid social change.

Listening to these people talk together reminded us of discussions in community groups of Christians in America that we had often heard.

"Are Christian politicians and government officials Christians? Can they be?"

"Christ made us all brothers, the missionaries tell us. The Bible says so. But politicians and businessmen and a lot of other Christians don't show that they know this. That is our problem. We don't know how to solve it."

"What a preacher says on Sunday, does he really believe it? He doesn't always act it. Maybe he's contaminated by other people, including Christians who are not Christians."

"What does Christianity mean to a working man, one who goes to church and then goes out to have a drink?"

A problem that was especially African came up. "In early days Africans accepted all Europeans without suspicion, for we thought, of course, that all Europeans were Christians and good. Now we know better. But what do we do?"

The Africans at the Temples' home that night gave evidence that, for them, all change relates to social change, that all life is one, that religion is at center. If religion does not guide and illumine, nothing does.

This African unity of religion and life is a factor that no one can safely ignore in serious relations with Africans.

Three weeks and three days after this evening in Lusaka we came to Shamberere in western Kenya. We went as visitors to the all day quarterly session of the board of the Friends Yearly Meeting of Kenya. This board, in its growth, its make-up, and its responsibilities is one of the best examples in Africa that we know of spirit, timing, sharing, and acting. In it we saw how possible it is to meet the naturally growing desire of Africans for self-government in the church.

The board has full responsibility for the Friends meetings in Kenya. It is made up of African representatives elected by the various meetings. It appoints its own officers and committees, administers its own funds given by the meetings, makes and carries out its own disciplinary decisions. It employs a full-time executive.

The Friends Mission in Kenya began in 1902. Today the church is well established, with about fifty thousand members, and carries full responsibility for its own work. To North American readers who are related to churches that have been self-governing for generations, this Kenya group may seem nothing special. But there are not many groups like it in Africa. The sooner others appear and the self-governing pattern becomes normal, the deeper will Christianity penetrate African life.

This growth should not mean the withdrawal of missionaries they will be needed for counseling, education, medical work interpretation, and other specialties, perhaps for years to come. It does mean co-operative undertakings alongside Africans as friends, co-workers, colleagues.

With Fred Reeve of the Friends Africa Mission, we drove forty miles from the station at Kaimosi to Shamberere. We found a large, mud-walled and floored, thatch-roofed, wooden-shuttered

church. On backless wooden benches 120 elected delegates, four American liaison missionaries, and the two of us sat down for the all day session. Three men were seated in front of the group: Gotham Standa, presiding clerk; Thomas G. Lung'aho, treasurer; and Fred Kamidi, recording clerk. They were flanked by a woman and a man, honored senior elders.

It was a typical Quaker gathering. No one rose to speak until his or her raised hand had been recognized by the presiding clerk by a word or a motion. Even at moments of great urgency when strong opposite views were held, not a person stood up, not a sound was uttered until the chair's recognition came. A score of hands would be simultaneously and soundlessly agitating the air, the presiding officer would look back and forth over the scene, there would be a barely perceptible nod, all hands would drop, one person would rise to speak quietly, never unduly long.

Another significant aspect of the gathering was this: not one of the four missionaries present, including the chief executive of the mission, spoke except to reply briefly and factually two or three times to questions from the presiding clerk or member of the board.

When noon came, recess was announced and we all stood for stretch. Immediately a group of comely women, members of the local church, appeared with thick slices of buttered bread and steaming hot tea for the refreshment of all.

The mimeographed minutes of the preceding finance committee meeting were distributed, each item serially numbered in best bureaucratic style.

"Min. 7/58 Mishara . . . F.B.I. Certificate." (This F.B.I. Certificate in a Quaker meeting shook us. We inquired discreetly and found that in Kenya F.B.I. stands for Friends Bible

Institute.) "Min. 10/58 Outfit Jotham Standa." (Inquiry revealed that the Yearly Meeting was sending its presiding clerk to America for October to December, 1958, and a modest sum toward his winter outfit was recommended by the finance committee.)

We couldn't understand the discussions at the gathering because of language. But the spirit of the meeting was unmistakable. And the diversity of its make-up gave strength: a judge, a senior tribal chief, an inspector of schools, teachers, ministers, farmers, businessmen, lay women as well as laymen. Many of the delegates had document filled brief cases and were busy taking notes. The first missionary the Yearly Meeting had sent out was present, an African who had volunteered to go in Christian love among the more primitive Masai people. Friends had feared for his life, but he had gone and lived and continues to serve far off among the Masai.

Whispered interpretation kept us informed of what was happening. But we needed no translation of the oft-used words "miniti" and "kamiti." These familiar words greatly reassured us. We felt the Friends Yearly Meeting board couldn't possibly go far wrong so long as, Western-like, it kept referring constantly to the minutes of the committees that the previous Meetings had so plentifully appointed.

For us it was a remarkable day. Perhaps the Quaker ancestry running in our family had something to do with it. But the basic reason was that here was a good example of the African church in creative action on its own.

2. "On a Bridge"

"We are on a bridge." The young African looked thoughtfully out over the water. "We fail to leave the past completely and we've not completely entered the present. We're moving, hanging from old to new. We're on a bridge."

The bridge spans the whole of Africa. It leads toward the future and is built as the people go. Little wonder that confusion and fear exist. No one involved, African or otherwise, has experience to match the task. But everything that the West can do to help Africans in the building and in the crossing from the old to the new will serve to bring peace and understanding, not only in Africa but in the world.

As they build and cross to the new, what of the old should Africans take with them? What in the new is better?

"Europeans are breaking us away from some things of the old ways that are not bad for Christians," one pastor of a large congregation in South Africa said to us.

"We Bantu may pretend to change, but at heart much old remains. Take Xhosa initiation, for example. There is much of good there. Some missionaries have taught us that we should have nothing to do with it. Yet it teaches us the history of our people, how to behave toward women, respect for sexes, duties as man and responsibilities as head of a family, our attitudes toward the spirits. As a university in Europe or here in South

Africa gives degrees, so the Xhosa initiation gives status and is the university of life for the Xhosa. To forbid the initiation does not change the heart or the act. Today young men go through both universities. Many do the Xhosa part in secret. To do it secretly causes confusion and animosity and leaves youth with a feeling of guilt and lowered standards. The two, Christian and Bantu, could be combined, and both strengthened."

In Liberia a young girl agreed as we talked with her at the Christian college where she was enrolled.

"My mother is a wonderful Christian," she said. "When our father died she was left with six children from one week to nine years of age. With the help of the mission and the church she has us all on our way to a good education, almost wholly in Christian colleges. She is deeply spiritual. But she wants all of us children to join our tribal societies as she did. So my brother is already in Poro, but he is also a member of the Order of Sins Galahad, an international society for boys of our church. We girls will soon join the Sande society. We won't spend the three years in the grigri bush, mind you. If you have an education you only need to go for a short time, and then later return for the purification ceremonies. If we Christians do not belong to our tribal societies we are not fully members of the tribe. And Mother thinks that is important."

These opinions, though, were not shared by an older Liberian woman who told us:

"I saw things done to women in our own tribal secret societies that haunted me and made me determined to become a nurse. I swore I would get an education and would help save the women of my land from such horrible suffering."

Such was Ellen Miama Moore's decision. Her parents i

Liberia were both Congolese. Ellen, even as a child, had the spark of ambition for education and service. The Protestant Episcopal mission gave her elementary schooling at Cape Mount. She became an assistant in one of their schools in the bush. But what she wanted was nurse's training, to help women and girls.

One day she found a small torn scrap of a printed sheet. It carried little but the name and New York address of Samuel A. Grimes, presiding bishop of the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World. Praying as she wrote, Ellen addressed a letter to him. She was sixteen years old. Months later she was in the United States, started on years of nurse's training.

Today the Samuel Grimes Maternal and Child Welfare Center at Kakata, Liberia, means love, home, and schooling for a hundred children, and practical nurse's training for all the young women who can be accommodated and supported during their training. Its directors are Ellen Moore Hopkins and her husband.

As Africa moves across the bridge, choosing from old and from new, decisions are being made that will mold the future. The most important are those that will affect the character of tomorrow's Africans.

We first knew Jacques Bokunge as a little Nkundu boy. In Bolenge, on the left bank of the Congo River where it crosses the equator the second time, he was among scores of children on the benches in school and church.

Thirty years later we visited Bolenge again. The hand pump in our quarters declined to put water up into the steel drum that long before had brought fifty gallons of gasoline to Bolenge. "Bokunge will fix it," we were told. Bokunge arrived, wrench, pliers, hammer in hand. As he worked, we talked. Later he came and sat with us for a visit.

Mr. Bokunge runs the modern electric power plant for the station, looks after the printing equipment, is a sort of machine superintendent. "He can fix almost anything," we were told.

Jacques Bokunge enjoys using the skills he has learned, but he has not forgotten his heritage. "My father's machine was the canoe. Land and river supplied our food. Now we get much of our food from far away, made by machines, brought to us by machines. Yet perhaps there is as much hunger now as in the old days. The chief's power and duty to have food supplied for everyone is gone. Machines are good, but people are the most important. And for the people these new changes bring many problems—greed, drink, adultery, robbery. We travel more, see more, want more. Old laws and customs are weakened; fear of them is less. The new laws are not well understood, not well obeyed. Many are confused.

"But in the old days," Mr. Bokunge went on to say, "our eyes were low. We saw little. Today we lift our eyes."

Then he told us of Amipro, an organization of Protestant Christians widespread in the Belgian Congo. He is president of it at Bolenge. Speaking of the strong chapter at Coquilhatville, five miles up river, he said, "The church seeks to do more and more for the poor, the infirm, the aged, the ill, for burial of the dead for those in any special need in the city. People have come to the city from many tribes, great distances. Often they have no close relatives, few family ties. The church must be their home, their relatives, their family. And always the church is helping to send teachers and pastors far into the back country to teach and preach and show the love of Jesus. *Ekelesia ele la mpambongo*, 'the church has great power.'"

Jacques Bokunge is a living example of the swiftness of the



changes sweeping Africa. He is a skilled mechanic in a land that only recently has known the wheel. Indeed there must have been Africans in secluded mountain and forest villages who saw airplanes overhead, around the end of World War I, before they saw a wheel on the ground.

Many aircraft are overhead in Africa today. We used thirty-three of them during our visit.

Early one morning we were aboard a plane that splashed down wet runway and onto the drenched landing apron at Lagos, Nigeria. We forded the puddles to the incoming passengers' entrance. There with umbrella and welcoming smile stood Dr. T. Ayorinde, waiting to greet us despite our delay in arriving.

We hurried into the immigration and customs enclosure and, to our consternation, learned that our entrance visas were incomplete. As they were, we could not enter. We asked permission to consult with Dr. Ayorinde "through the bars." He took our passports and went to an inner office and telephone. We had the services of an honored friend. Anxious moments later he came again with news that the government had record of our application and of the visas being granted. We could enter and complete the formalities the next day. So we passed from detention to freedom and were able to greet properly our long-time and now rescuing friend. His car opened to our bags and us. He took the wheel and fifteen miles of crowded traffic later, we were at the comfortable hotel where he had arranged for us to stay.

J. T. Ayorinde is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Lagos and the first chairman of the new Nigerian Broadcasting Corporation. A Yoruba and a first generation Christian, he has served as president of the Nigeria Baptist Convention. As a young man he came to the United States and won a master's degree at Oberlin College, Virginia Union University, where he had finished his undergraduate work, awarded him a doctor of divinity degree. He is one of Nigeria's most respected citizens.

"My mother was a Shango, a worshiper of the god of fear and thunder," he told us. "I was early trained in my father's religion for the Ifa priesthood. My first memories are of the idols that we worshiped. Mother was always making sacrifices to protect us. She was a trader, as have been so many West African women for generations. I would come with her by canoe from Abeokuta to Lagos to exchange our clay pots for mats to sell in our home market.

"It was God's own initiative that took me to the mission and won me to Christ. My future wife's father baptized me when I was a boy in our mission school."

When Dr. Ayorinde went to the States to study, the mission board wisely brought his talented wife with him. Too often the wives remain behind both physically and intellectually. Mrs. Ayorinde earned a degree from Hampton Institute while her husband was studying. Today she is a leader among the women of her church in Nigeria.

"What have been your most serious problems and temptations?" we asked these two friends one evening.

"I was the first of my family to marry a Christian," Dr. Ayorinde answered. "We have had no children. This, as you know, is one of the greatest tragedies that can come to an African home.

My family and tribal friends urged me to take a second wife. It was the natural thing to do in our pagan custom. All the group forces and pressures were for it. Children were the first necessity of marriage. But as a Christian I could not do this. There is no law in our land allowing us to adopt children, for in our tribal society no child is ever an orphan. But my wife and I have trained hosts of boys and girls who look on us as father and mother."

The next day we went with Dr. Ayorinde to the broadcasting station. It is significant that when Nigerian radio had grown to the status of a corporation it should elect a Christian clergyman as its first chairman. The respect in which he is held at the large new radio building was evident as he presented us to the experienced Britisher who is acting general director and to other staff members.

"Some of my fellow churchmen and missionaries initially felt my chairmanship of the corporation was outside my role as a minister," Dr. Ayorinde commented. "But as we talked the whole thing through there was agreement that this can be a responsibility and surely is an opportunity for Christian citizens in a community."

At the Nigerian Broadcasting Corporation scores of Africans are working in responsible positions. One of them is Enoch Etuk, who was born with the desire for the dramatic.

"I went to Queen's College in Lagos, but because of this inward longing I was confused about what I should do," Miss Etuk told us. "Then I heard a radio program. An idea was born. I came in for an interview and was accepted—not for programming but for the control room! Six girls were put on the technical staff. I was an engineering assistant for two years.

"At last N.B.C. decided to put two of us girls onto program, and now I have my regular programs for women and for children."

"How does this modern profession for a young African woman tie in with the old customary ways?"

"I still prefer village life, really," Miss Etuk admitted. "It is quieter, more secure. Family ties are strong. Here the new and the old are all mixed up within us and often contend with one another. Certainly we mustn't abandon the good that is in the past but build on it. That's what I try to do in my programs on the air."

"And marriage? What about marriage and a professional life?" we asked this slender and attractive girl.



"Oh, I want to marry and combine radio work and family," she answered. "Women are doing this today, but I think men don't like it too well. Girls used to be either teachers or nurses, but today they're also in architecture, agriculture, economics, law, and some are doctors."

"But where do single girls live when they are away from the home village and family, working in the business world in the city?" We knew how carefully girls are guarded in tribal society.

"Mother wanted me to stay at the Y.W.C.A., but they don't have enough room for all of us. A girl friend and I have a house by ourselves. That worried my mother at first, but we've had no intrusions at all."

African parents may be concerned about their daughters going off to business. African men may not be too happy about women seeking to do things on their own. African traditions may be generally against it. But African women are on the bridge.

Modern medicine plays a leading role in changing Africa. Many an African doctor, medical assistant, or nurse has memories of witch doctors and medicine men. Some are the sons and daughters of such men. Nearly all meet daily some sign of the fetish that binds the living to the spirit world.

A Congolese in charge of the surgical ward at Kimpese's Institut Médical Evangélique told us of his boyhood fright when a witch doctor beckoned to him and said, "Your father claims there is no power in witchcraft. Watch this."

The witch doctor put a pipe and a carved wooden figure of a human being down at a distance apart. Then he began mumbling. The pipe and the fetish moved slowly toward each other.

"I ran home as fast as I could go. Father, a teacher and pastor, talked to me and read from the Bible. My fear finally quieted."

*"The people
must be educated"*



Medical student works in Makerere College library.





Future housewives learn how to shop in a primary school class in Uganda.

Henri Tulanda was later to see people bring piles of fetishes to the church to be burned, and he was to see that same witch doctor become a Christian.

"Today there aren't so many fetishes on the bodies of people who come to the hospital, but they still are in people's hearts. There is a cancer case in our ward now. The man says some enemy bewitched him but he won't go out and search for the one who did it."

We sat in the Tulandas' home at evening time. His wife was making a dress on her sewing machine. Through the open door to the bedrooms we could see white-spread beds where the children were sleeping, all except the little boy who had fallen asleep with his head in his mother's lap.

"Why did you choose this medical work, Mr. Tulanda?"

"I often ask myself that," was the quick reply. Then just as quickly, "But I do know, of course. My father and mother gave their lives in Christian service. They walked and walked the hills of lower Congo to serve the people on behalf of the church. And I remember when I was being trained by Dr. Catherine Mabie in the hospital and she would work and work with a patient, sometimes way into the night, and then she would kneel beside the bed and pray. When I saw her face in prayer I thought she looked like God must look.

"Medicine can be a great power in bringing people to know God if the doctor and nurse use it in Christ's spirit. Many come to the hospital because here we treat people in the name of God. And this doesn't mean we have to have a Bible always in hand. It does mean we must have Christian understanding and love always in our hearts."

We rose to go, and then there came one of the touching evi-

lences of the link between old and new. Smiling, and gently cradling the sleeping child on the couch, Mrs. Tulanda opened the modern kerosene-operated refrigerator at the other side of the room. She took out three eggs. With the warmth and dignity of age-old African hospitality to guests, she put the cool eggs in our hands.

Both cool and warm are those eggs. Cool from the new science of refrigeration. Warm from the old alchemy of tribal hospitality.

Hosts of African businessmen now are changing from barter to business, Western style. A drugstore that we visited in Orlando (widely known "location"¹ outside Johannesburg, the Union of South Africa) introduced us to a merchandizer right in the middle of the bridge between the old and the new.

The shop itself resembled a nineteenth century frontier store in Canada or the United States, minus the pot-bellied stove and spittoon. On one side were arrayed patent medicines and common Western drugs, together with American and European brands of toothpaste, cold cream, shaving lotion, lipstick, shampoo, face powder, and similar drugstore items. These were in neat glass showcases and on shelves.

Across a narrow aisle, the other side of the store was packed from ceiling to floor—on walls, shelves, counters, under tables, and in drawers and wrappings—with dried herbs and leaves, ticks, skins, powders, and mixtures in varicolored big bottles. There seemed to be everything from animals' dried organs to lions' teeth and monkeys' tails.

In charge of the store was a young man in a long white coat. He named a Christian school as his alma mater, saying that he

¹ "Location" is a site away from the city, designated by city authorities as a residential area for non-Europeans.

"also had training as an African chemist." Moreover his father and grandfather before him had been witch doctors and he had a legacy of learning from them.

"It takes great knowledge to mix the herbs properly," he told us, "for there is powerful medicine in them."

This African chemist said with quiet pride that he was building a larger and better shop in a more central location. We discussed a few current issues, exchanged calling cards, and said adieu. As we left we wondered. A bridge with two ends. A man with two eyes. With an eye on each end of the bridge, where goes the man?

Ruby Quartey-Papafio and her family before her have been a part of Ghana's new day long before its dawn completely topped the horizon. Our vivid memory of her as a teacher and a delightful personality dates from a dinner party in 1946 at the Accra home of a distinguished judge, now Chief Justice of Ghana, Sir Arku Korsah, and his wife. Miss Papafio held her own with lawyers, headmasters, and businessmen in advocating more and diversified education for women in what was then the Gold Coast.

Today, retired after a notable career in education, Ruby Quartey-Papafio is certainly not retired from service. The new Ghana, determined to lift the status of women as quickly as possible, has called her into its Social Welfare Department to organize vocational training centers for women throughout the country.

"We have fourteen such centers," Miss Papafio said to us as we visited the Accra center. "They offer two years of intensive training for women in literacy and in useful crafts, while seeking to improve their moral and cultural outlook. Serious work in literacy, English, home economics, and, if desired, shorthand and

yping, with exhibits and exams, is rewarded by a certificate of accomplishment that women are proud to obtain. It is a way of raising the status of a larger number of women than can be reached quickly enough by the longer academic course. We emphasize the latter, too, where possible for young women. It is bringing women nearer the level of men who have had more educational opportunities."

We came across another example of what is happening to women in Africa while we were driving one day on a road between Ibadan and Ogbomosho, in Nigeria.

Our car slowed and turned into a modern Nigerian business establishment that contrasted sharply with the chemist's shop. It was a filling station that could have stood proudly beside any world highway. Its pumps were fiery red, the trim yellow, its office glass-sheathed, its vending machines publicly shown, its rest rooms discreetly indicated. The establishment was wholly foreign, a Western implant. But Africa ran the implant. T. A. Oni was in charge, an alert young man, one of the hundreds of African men who have become filling station operators or owners in the last few years.

Women manned the pumps. Olu and Esther were in spotless white uniforms and caps. The tank cap was off almost as soon as the ignition. Petrol was flowing in, windshield was being wiped, oil gauge read, water replenished, tires checked, and change made from a six tube nicked coin holder. Esther and Olu went through the typical filling station ritual with aplomb.

Women's work is broadening over nearly all of Africa. Some women resist. Some men discourage. Many wonder and hesitate. But powerful new forces are pushing both men and women with strength that is irresistible.

Reading and writing first, education coming initially with the Christian gospel. Knowing more about the world, how other people live. More and more foreigners coming in. More Western men than before working with their hands, not just with their heads and in offices. More Western women working, earning money of their own but keeping their homes, too. More and more Africans going to other parts of Africa and of the world. Seeing how people live, how goods are made, how stores are run, how money is earned. There seems no end, but as one African friend put it, "What we see we like—for the most part. We mustn't lose the good of our past, the strength of our roots, but we must grow. We must do what it takes to grow and earn and get."

Change is a simple process in a way. But also greatly complicated. And both inexorable and human. Anyone is ignorant or blind or mad who thinks it won't happen in Africa. It has happened, is happening all over the world. And in Africa more rapidly than anywhere else.

African women are expanding their trades and their roles in society. Women have been traders all over Africa, successful traders. Women have been farmers in many parts, landowners, cattle owners. Women have known medicine and healing arts, witchcraft, too. Women have been chiefs or over-chiefs in their tribes. Now women are going into the industry brought by the new cash economy of the West.

There have been earlier efforts to get African women into Western-type industry. Thirty years or so ago in Leopoldville, the first textile mill in central Africa was built. Its machines were the latest semi-automatic type. Europeans installed them and got them going. But cheaper labor was wanted for tending the machines. There were only a few thousand African women in

"ON A BRIDGE"

Leopoldville at that time, along with four or five times as many men. These were the days when parents didn't allow their girls to get away from home. The girls who did were mostly the willful ones, venturesome, off for new experiences, almost all unmarried, prepared to live in the easy way of which they had heard, a way not accepted in their own villages.

The company tried African men as machine tenders, unsuccessfully. Perhaps the work was too confining, too tedious. The company decided on the experimental step of recruiting several hundred women to serve as loom tenders, as was common in Europe. Enough women finally agreed to make a start. They did well, were quick, attentive, deft. But homes and mill were far apart; at noon, food was distant. The company ran free buses, and gave free hot lunches and salary increases to no avail. For the other women jeered and giped. The working women could not face the taunts and social pressures of their sisters. They left the new to return to the old. The new had been born before its time.

For Nkoba Jessy, teacher of Protestant religion in the government schools at Leopoldville and secretary of Groupe Scolaire officiel, the answer regarding movement and change is a matter of choice.

"We have to choose," he said to us one evening as we sat in the house that had been our family home during our last five years of service with the Congo Protestant Council. "We can choose the good and leave what is bad. The new life isn't all good, but there is lots of good in it. The two chief things are learning to choose right, and learning responsibility for others." The responsibility for others has weighed on Nkoba Jessy. In 1956 on a visit to Kimpese where teachers and evangelists were

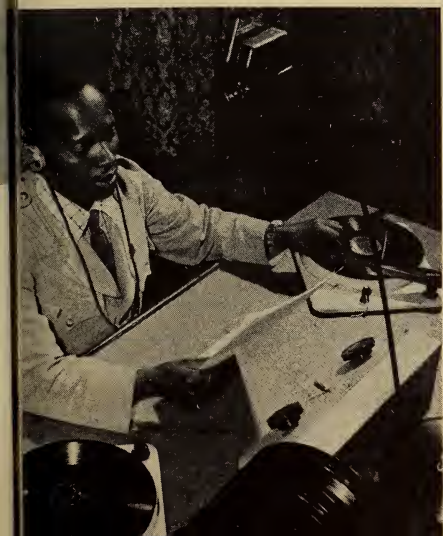


Maintaining a nice balance of old and new, a bicyclist rides through a Congo village.

"My time is more than my father's time"



The number of women taking part in a political rally in Togoland shows their growing role in African life.



A disc jockey in Kenya announces a tune to his listeners. The record at his right is "Rock City Blues."

working for an education, he found many students needing help. With four other Congolese, he founded a student aid organization that now is being incorporated.

Mr. Nkoba is also president of an agricultural organization and a parent-teacher association.

"This new, changed day brings many things to do," said Mr. Nkoba.

Concern for others is manifested by Africans in many places. L'Association Mutualité, for example, is spreading over Congo. Motivated by Christian principles, it includes people of all faiths and is designed to encourage savings for better homes and to meet expenses of birth, sickness, and death. With a constitution approved by the Belgian government, scores of Africans aid in gathering, accounting, and banking the monthly dues.

Among Protestants of the Belgian Congo, another group already mentioned, Amipro, publishes a news sheet and does similar work of helping those in need and of building a wide fellowship. There was mutual concern for all members of the tribe in old Africa. The concern of new Africa widens to include tribes far beyond the local village borders.

King's College is on the hill at Budo, twelve miles out of Kampala in Uganda. Well above Victoria, Africa's largest lake, Budo also looks out over Uganda and East Africa education. The college is an institution, dating from 1906, which by character and continuity has signally contributed to the education of Africans, aided by Africans, for Africa.

The permanent and visiting staff is made up of Westerners, Africans, Easterners. Mr. and Mrs. Eapen Oommen, twenty years in Uganda, now on the permanent Budo staff, are examples of Indian-African understanding and collaboration. Their relationship

"ON A BRIDGE"

Relationships contrast greatly with the competition, distrust, and bitterness characteristic of so much of Indian-African associations past and present. Their daughter is loved by her schoolmates and begrudges time away from her friends at Budo when a family errand takes her to the city. The bridge in Africa has a varied appeal. Neither in character nor in color is it all in black or white.

Erisa Kironde took his school work at Budo and at Makerere, the University College for East Africa. He did his graduate work at Cambridge. He teaches English at Budo. His family includes his wife, Eseza, their three-year-old son, Antoni Kaima, and their daughter, Sanyu Ndagire. Sanyu means Joy. She was born on March 6, 1957, the day when, clear across Africa, the Gold Coast became Ghana, the first colonial area south of the Sahara to attain nationhood and independence. For millions throughout Africa, many of them knowing little indeed about the Gold Coast, Ghana was joy.

Mr. Kironde is a fourth generation Christian. His great grandfather was named Isaac; his grandfather, David; his father, Samuel. He is Erisa. He remembers his grandfather and his grandfather's generation, as well as his father's.

"Our grandfather did not compromise at all with traditional African things. He was for change, for the new. Could things African be or become Christian? That was for him a great question. He seemed to answer no.

"Our father was a very strict Christian. Had family prayers twice every day. Did not smoke or drink. Very Victorian. But he got a man to teach us drums. We liked it, we wanted to learn. Grandfather liked this not at all. Missionaries rejected all things African. Grandfather, too, wanted a complete break with the past.

"When I came to King's College, the Rev. H. Myers Grace was headmaster. As you know, he became principal of Achimota in the Gold Coast later. His ideas were broad. He had a deep understanding and sympathy. A great gift for carrying good across all chasms. I was seven when I came here. His spirit was a great influence in my life.

"One difficult thing is frankness. Talking to whites, many Africans say what they think the whites want to hear. That's in part a hang-over of the old superstition that the whites had powerful medicine and could do you harm if they didn't like you. There's a lot of belief in witchcraft yet.

"I don't go to church much. Bit of rebellion, probably. And I guess I thought I was being smart. At Makerere, Europeans tried to blackmail us into going to church. They used to invite us to breakfast Sunday morning knowing it was after communion and that we couldn't come to breakfast without going to communion first."

"How do you judge things are in other parts of Africa?"

"On the human side things are mixed, good and bad. A lot of illusions have been shattered. I was thrown out of Hotel Relais at Brazzaville. In French Africa! Wouldn't take us in 1954 because we were black. In 1957, a friend wasn't permitted to stay in a hotel in Belgian Congo, either. I was refused at hotels in Irumu, Stanleyville, and Leopoldville. Finally, with a letter from the governor, I stayed at Hotel Stanley."

"What about African relations with America?"

"I've just been in America. Academic interest there in African affairs is surprising and encouraging. I was at Boston University with Bill [Dr. William O.] Brown and all his staff. And at M.I.T. and Colby. In New York I stayed with the Sir Andrew

“ON A BRIDGE”

ohens. They are good persons for Africa to have in America and the United Nations.”

“Is Africa progressing along the bridge?”

“Yes, most likely. My grandfather thought all white persons were good. My father never said so but I suspect he was more discriminating. When I went to England, I didn’t know how to discriminate, but I had to learn. I had to learn to sort. My son will be much more discriminating.

“Example is such an important thing, most important. Christianity was at first eagerly accepted. Now it is seriously questioned. That’s because of what Christians and so-called Christian nations do sometimes. Whether all this change makes us better people—that is a question.”

A penetrating question it is—not just in Africa but in all societies. Is the total impact of the West helping to make Africans better people?

There was much of good in the Africa old. There is much good in the Africa new. But if persons become no better, neither will Africa nor the world. And example is so important in helping persons to better living. Emphasis on the power of example, personal example, was repeated over and over again as we journeyed in Africa.

Persons—Africans and foreigners, businessmen, scientists, government officials, educators, homemakers, clergy, doctors, editors, farmers—persons committed to living as Christians, changed for good, and daily doing good wherever they are and whatever their work, are among the most powerful spiritual influences on this earth. For such persons couple the powerful human element with the yet more powerful spiritual element, as is needed in all change for good.

IT DOES NOT MATTER WHETHER GOOD COUNSEL COMES FROM
SMALL OR GREAT—TO THOSE WHO PROFIT BY IT.
—AFRICAN PROVERB

3. Doorstep – Hearth – Home

To accept responsibility in the world one must accept it first on one's own doorstep. This the new Africa is doing.

In many places in tribal Africa it was the duty of the village chief to maintain group rights and customs within the village. He saw to it that people had land for house and garden, that fish and meat were divided according to custom, that grain was suitably stored and used. If there were animals, tribal custom governed their keeping and use. Small shrines and miniature houses were provided for the tribal gods and spirits and fetishes.

There were multiple family houses in some tribes, single family dwellings in others. In them the hearth and the fire upon it were very precious. In some the fire was taken from a central hearth in the village, perhaps in the chief's house, where the fire was never allowed to die out. Around the fire the elders gathered and from it took coals to light the long pipe that passed from mouth to mouth as a symbol of friendship and solidarity. To the sacred fire in some villages a fugitive might run for safety and assurance of trial.

In customary tribal life the individual had a certain security but not much freedom. He was generally closely contained within the family, the village, and the tribe. He was also constantly controlled by ancestral and other spirits, which by no means were always efficient.

DOORSTEP-HEARTH-HOME

Some such experience as this has been shared by nearly all the world's peoples in some stage of their histories. The individual had his importance but he had little freedom to think and initiate and dare and act as an individual.

Today, individual Africans are emerging as leaders in numerous fields, and outside the customary communal pattern. These new leaders do not all come from tribal chieftain lineage; a good many are from the common people. This development is as new in Africa as it once was in the West.

The new leaders are forming and joining religious, social, economic, and political groupings that are Western in pattern but that are already showing African-made changes. They are building political parties across tribal lines, in some cases even against public tribal opposition.

Independent African nations are being created, even though no nation can be fully independent in today's interdependent world. These new nations are assuming responsibilities both within Africa and internationally.

But basic to national responsibility, and prior to it in this past generation, more and more Africans have been assuming responsibility for homes. This husband-and-wife responsibility for homes has in very large measure grown out of the Christian concept and pattern of devoted, monogamous parents and beloved, aspiring children.

Responsibility for homes is never as spectacular and as publicized as are national and international responsibilities. But it is the basic responsibility of all peoples who would improve their culture and their societies. Out of these more and more responsible homes come more and more trained, responsible leaders in Africa's new day.

Individual choice and individual responsibility for the results of that choice are powerful influences in Africa today. Both of them are early learned in the truly Christian home. Joined, they have done more than any other single factor to stir and move Africa in the past century.

Christianity was the primary force in beginning this change. For Christianity teaches the value of every individual, man, woman, child. Christianity's emphasis is on the duty and power of choice of the individual, on the individual's responsibility for the results of that choice. Also Christianity seeks to replace fear with love, and to build the home as the embodiment of that love. And from homes come nations.

Africa has many good homes today, homes growing from the best in the old and the good in the new, homes where responsibility is shared by the various members. We were guests in such homes in many of the countries in Africa.

On an April afternoon we visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Masatsha M. ["Mike"] Hove in Bulawayo. Mr. Hove is the Matabeleland member of the parliament in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. He and Mrs. Hove had invited several friends in to meet with us—businessmen, wives, teachers, and social workers who knew we wanted to talk with Africans about the impact of Western culture on their society. Our conversation ranged over law and land and music and ancestral spirits and fetishes and education and church. While we talked, Mrs. Hove watched baby Dwight playing in the yard with some of his five brothers and sisters.

"Dwight was named after the United States president," Mrs. Hove explained, "in gratitude for the kindness and hospitality shown to my husband during his visit to the States in 1956."

There were so many things to talk about. We learned that, as always where a European community had established itself in a majority population of Africans, land was one of the major concerns of Africans in Southern Rhodesia.

"Land rights and use form a basic problem in our life today. And a spiritual problem, too. To Africans, land and spirit and life are all tied together.

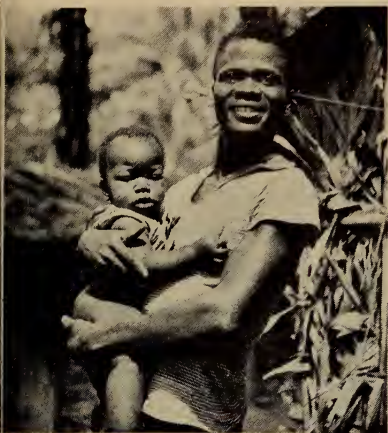
"In our African life, land was the common property of the tribe, for the benefit of all members so long as they made good use of it. Never did an individual own land in your Western sense. Our Rhodesian constitution, formed by Westerners, says no African can be denied the use of land. But land is available to Africans only where assigned by the government. And assignment of land for Africans is usually a leasing arrangement, not freehold. Africans have little or no real say in such assignment. The government is almost wholly controlled by Europeans, so often the best land is not assigned to Africans. Great stretches of the best land have been sold at low cost to Europeans. Much of such land is lying uncultivated, unused, unproductive. If Africans could own property they would work hard to make the land productive for they badly need what the land could produce. And they would assume the upkeep, much of which now is at government expense."

"Law?"

"Today it seems to us we have about four kinds of law. Anglo-Saxon law. Native laws, which are somewhat different in different tribes. A mixture of Anglo-Saxon and native law, decreed by government and to be used in certain situations. And then, something that might be called common law. Africans are confused. Those who want to be good can unwittingly break some unknown law. Those who want to be bad think they can find



A tiny addition to the population of Nigeria is admired by midwives and his mother.



*"We are trying to
teach our children...
trust and responsibility"*

A young African and his son.

A government official in Kenya leaves his home for a day at the office.



holes and escape in between the laws. One thing that affects every household is the marriage law—laws, rather. They are confusing. ‘Common-law’ marriage is frequent in the cities.”

“Such marriages aren’t nearly as binding as our native law marriages. These were very rigid. There was much less divorcing. Our native law marriages had the approval of our society, but missionaries condemned them. The ideal of the Christian marriage is good. But what we have widespread now is ‘common-law’ marriage that isn’t approved by society.”

“Animistic beliefs?”

“There are many clashes here. The old songs we used to sing to the spirits were solemn, heavy—different from the joyous dancing songs. The modern Western hymns do not express the innermost spiritual feelings of Africans as well as the traditional songs did. But these traditional songs are coming back.”

“Superstitions are still strong. The beast without blemish is as important as sacrifice.”

“To keep away evil spirits, many Africans still pick up a stone and throw it on a pile of stones near a path or entrance way. Many do not know why they throw it.”

At this point we had to remark about the people at home who when they spill salt, throw some over the left shoulder. And how our twenty-story office building in New York has no thirteenth floor, but A12 instead.

Whereupon our host reached into his pocket and pulled out a key ring. He handed it to us with a twinkle in his eye. Attached to the ring was a metal four-leaf clover with the inscription:

*Genuine 4-Leaf Clover Club
Souvenir of Junaluska Methodist Assembly
Lake Junaluska, N.C.*

The burst of laughter was so sudden and loud that it startled little Dwight.

The conversation had interested us so much that we forgot the time. The clock struck five and a car appeared at the gate, bearing the big sign, "Good Hope Driving School."

"I'm sorry," our hostess said, "but that's my driving lesson teacher. If you aren't afraid to ride with me, I'll take you to our radio station where we tape my weekly program for women."

With Mrs. Hove at the wheel and the driving instructor alongside, we wound through the traffic in the streets. En route, we picked up the radio program director, another African. At the station we entered a room piled with freshly woven baskets and bundles of sewing.

"These are entries in the contest offered on my Radio Homecraft Club program," Mrs. Hove explained. "There'll be an exhibition, and judges."

The program director played back part of Mrs. Hove's last broadcast. The voice and the tonal language were appealing—one of Africa's more than eight hundred tongues. We could join in the spirit of the prayer that she offered to God.

A home maker is Mrs. Hove, using new radio powers to help build other homes. A home maker is Mr. Hove, a parliamentarian and businessman who is a first generation Christian. His pagan father, illiterate and unskilled in the new ways but already influenced by them, charged as he lay dying, "Whatever happens to me, see that my sons get an education."

This son and his wife pay tribute to Christian missions and to the Swedish family of missionaries in particular who shared time and money to help educate the boy. In parliament, in community, in church, and in home, they seek to live their witness.

A thousand miles away on another day we rode in a car belonging to the Christian Council of Kenya. It carried us steadily through Kikuyu land. We found that our driver was a Kikuyu, one who had spent two years in an internment camp because he, with thousands of others, had taken the initial oath of the Mau Mau at the time when their revolt against the Europeans was mounting in violence. We ate our lunch together by the roadside in the heart of Mau Mau country, and talked of the uprising and then of the faith that our young driver and other Christians had found.

Released from the detention camp, our driver had given himself to helping free the minds and hearts of others. About that time, the World Day of Prayer funds from America had provided a mobile unit for work among the Mau Mau rehabilitation centers. It was a light delivery van equipped in the United States with film projectors, screen, record player, records, recording machine, loud-speaker, dynamo, out-of-door lighting, films. It was sent to Africa, and when our young driver joined the Christian Council staff he was assigned to be its chauffeur. Newly reconditioned and painted, today it continues to take the Christian witness throughout Kenya, where quiet is quieter but where all still is not well.

Lunch finished, we drove on until we reached a simple, neat house near a well built church.

Pastor Sosipeter Magua, the African clergyman, and his wife greeted us, as did their nine children. The couple asked us into the small sitting-dining room and seated us hospitably. We visited searchingly for an hour and a half.

"If the Mau Mau uprising had come before I had found Christ, I might have gone Mau Mau," the pastor said.

"It isn't so long since Africans learned to use money. They lived on food from the earth for centuries and had clothes from animal skins. But when they saw more things to be had, and found that they could get them as well as food and clothes with money, then they began moving to towns. The need and desire for money was used by politicians to stir discontent and to fan the flame of revolt. The Mau Mau promised if the Africans would unite they could get all these things they wanted—their land back, clothes, beds, food, bicycles, cars. Mau Mau was presented as something to unite African people. But it found another united force in the church. The Protestant Church had just undergone a revival and it was strong. This made Mau Mau more against the churches."

"Was your life endangered?" we asked.

"More than once," the reply. "They beat me to try to make me stop preaching against Mau Mau. Terrorists came while we were praying. They came once in police uniforms to my house to threaten my wife. She opened the door and in surprise said, 'Oh, I see you are police. I thought you were Mau Mau.' Something made them turn and go away. At times we felt fear. Then we confessed our little faith, knew God had our time in his hands, and we had peace."

"What more can Christians elsewhere do?" we asked.

"Teachers. Send us and help us train more teachers. Many do not know whom or what they are following today. One pastor now may have as many as twenty churches. He cannot minister and teach all. Transport is difficult. The mobile unit was a great help in that. I was the first pastor to work with it. The power of the Christian gospel, taught and lived, with unity of spirit, is Kenya's hope today."

We flew westward, this time to the home in Uganda of a doctor and his wife. Dr. F. George Sembeguya drove us first to visit his private clinic, in Kawempe, Kampala, which he was modernizing and enlarging to cope with the heavy demands of a needy people upon it. Then we went to their home, where they too, had invited friends to visit with us. Their six children, ages from three to fourteen years, boys and girls, helped serve the refreshments.

It was a time of fun and laughter. Some of the guests had been to America; they laughed about the things they had seen there. Trading stamps, for example. Why didn't the grocer just lower their prices and save all the bother and work and cost of trading stamps? But then, to their amazement, they found Africa, their very own part of Africa, tied up with trading stamps.

"At a place in New Jersey for exchanging trading stamps you could get giraffes and antelopes and drummers and lions all carved in wood right here in our home town of Kampala. So maybe trading stamps help us to buy corn flakes, which helps Americans to buy more groceries to get more trading stamps to buy more carvings so we can buy more corn flakes. But it all seems very complicated." Who can disagree?

We laughed about America too, and told them of the couple from San Francisco who had stopped us in the lobby of the hotel in Nairobi to tell us that only now had they seen Africa. They had been traveling steadily in Africa for two months. But last night, they had said, beaming at the recollection, they had been to Treetop. (Treetop is a ten-room hotel in Kenya built in a tree over a waterhole where animals come some nights to drink. Princess Elizabeth was at the hotel when the news of



er father's death reached her and she became Queen of England.) Nearly all night, they had peered down at elephants and other animals drinking. "Now, at last," they said, "we've seen the real Africa!" Apparently some Americans still see Africa only as animals!

There was serious conversation about the need for more schools, about politics, about the church. About the clergy and the church staff having such heavy administrative tasks that there was little time to know people well. This was Africa, but it had tones of America.

"The children don't know the pastor as a family friend as we used to when we were young."

"The church isn't holding its young people. There is too much preaching and not enough participation."

"Not enough activities for our youth."

Within this home and the homes represented by its guests, hearts were disturbed. Disturbed, fearing that their children, in

the confusion of the multiplying new forces about them, would not find the way to the joy and satisfaction their parents had found in their Christian faith.

We were strengthened by the counseling together that we had in such homes in Africa. Doors were open in all the twenty-one territories we visited, revealing companionship of husband and wife and their increasing efforts to give their children the very best opportunities available. In many of these homes were daily newspapers, magazines, radios, refrigerators, comfortable furniture, flowers, pictures, sewing-machines. In nearly all of them were several children. If there are no children there is sadness, bravely born by Christian couples in face of pressure from pagan tribal families for polygamist marriage that might add children.

Within such homes, developed largely from the Christian ethic, are leaders of today's Africa. Out of such homes will also come many of tomorrow's leaders. Nearly all will have had at least some education in Christian schools.

The families living in such homes have close links with the relatives still in ancestral villages in the mountains, plains, and forests of the vast continent. They are keenly aware of the special needs and the rising aspirations of their fellow countrymen. It is such families who seek almost everywhere to aid Africans' advance in all its stages.

They channel their services through government, industry, business, the professions, the church, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., and other community groups. From such homes and families come Africa's ambassadors and spokesmen throughout the world.

Responsibility accepted in the home, on one's own doorstep, inspires responsibility in all life.

4. *The Drift*

The tide of industrialism is reaching far upstream into the heart of Africa. It is breaking into the solidarity of the tribe and the family, sheltered long centuries within the village. "Old tribal values are dying out, even at the roots," a thoughtful African has said.

The drift for many of the family is downstream to cities. No longer is the family found intact in villages. Fathers are living in dormitories, boarding houses, or shacks in the city, at the mine, near the factory. They dwell in crowded quarters, some with only bed space, part of a great mass of men who have gone from the villages to seek a better livelihood than "home" affords. Left in the rural homes are the women, the children, the elders. We went across mile after mile of these man-deserted lands and the loneliness of the women left behind haunts us.

We saw them with big loads of wood on their heads, or baskets of cassava, topped by babies, on their backs, carrying these across wide stretches, up hill and down. With full responsibility for the families while the husbands are away, they care for the fields that drought may parch, for the cattle that hunger may kill, and for the children through health and sickness, yes, and sometimes through death. With the elders they bury the dead. It is a lonely, hard life.

One of today's great disturbing factors in African life is the

upheaval of people, the hundreds of thousands moving from the reserves, kraals, farms, forest clearings, river villages, to the locations, the townships, the compounds, the cities. The upheaval is cataclysmic in its effect.

"People don't know where they are," said Isaac Kanyinda, a pastor in the growing Congo city of Luluabourg. "They don't know what direction to follow. They have left their home—their tribal, interfamily responsibility with its tightly knit kinship—where there was strict and accepted control. In the city they lose themselves and do as they please."

His words were familiar. The problems of African cities seem so like those of American cities. We are all human together, reacting in much the same way.



"A Bantu man at home never married a girl he did not know or of whom his family did not approve," Mr. Kanyinda continued. "Now he marries, or lives unmarried, with a girl he meets on the train or in the cabaret. Many men who have been Christians do not bring their religion to the cities."

"Only my faith has given me strength," said Nganga, a woman who has come to the city with her husband and is experiencing its pressures. For not all women remain in the tribal home. A minority are in the towns, some with, and some without husbands.

"Temptations are greater today than in the village. But it would be just as hard to glow in Christian living there as here. That light has to come from within."

Nganga's friend, Otumba, agreed that only God carries them through temptations.

Nganga grew up in a pagan harem home where Bende wa Mvidi-Muku, the supreme being in whom her father believed, put fear in their hearts.

Otumba told us about the high mound of earth in her village, on top of which was an idol of wood. Her grandfather was chief of the village and guardian of the idol. The strength of the village lay in this fetish, around which they would sing and dance in worship when the new moon came. Then they must not sleep with their doors closed or any barrier in front of them. There was fasting. "But 'when the moon counts,'" the grandfather would say, "the fasting is ended."

"Then the women brought bread and roasted goat," Otumba recalled. "Grandfather would put meat in the mouth of each person. There was great joy. No one worked in the fields that day. All were around the idol."

"But happiness was not everywhere in those days," Nganga

assured us. "There were jealousies in the harem, and fights. Women felt they were like slaves. And today here in the city there is more freedom but there is greed. Our hearts sometimes hunger for something that belongs to another. Women in marriage see other women who, without marriage, have better clothes, who are free of drudgery. They have fancy food and are subject to no authority since they live by all men. But they aren't really happy, we see. Troubles pile up.

"If the power of God can prevail in our hearts, there is much more peace. Our Christian circle meetings are a source of strength. We discuss many things, attitudes, relationships, parents' responsibility, how to keep what is good in the old, and strengthen our new faith as Christians."

The problem of prostitution plagues almost all of the cities of Africa. The freedom found in the new culture brings its own abuse. In our visits with Christian and non-Christian, we asked what were the greatest problems facing Africans. Everywhere in the cities the answers included prostitution and drink. The two often were linked.

Prostitution was not a problem in primitive African society. Nearly every woman of marriageable age had a husband. Every woman had a family guardian. No woman was alone in the world. The freedom that women begin to feel, which men also feel when removed from family, makes its inroads into lives and homes. Western contact has brought cabarets and excessive drinking, in spite of laws that are meant to control. European example weighs heavier than European laws in many things. The all-too-little wage that should go home to the family, along with the responsible husband, is often dissipated on liquor en route.

The husband in the town, separated from the wife and family in the tribal home, is one of Africa's most disturbing human elements. And the separation is economically unsound as well. Loneliness and frustration, discontent and bitterness, dissipation and squandering, faithlessness and immorality are poor grounds for a stable society and economic progress. Yet these conditions are continually downgrading elements in the labor policies and practices of much of central and southern Africa. In some adjacent areas, where whole families have long been drawn to the mines and other European introduced enterprises, where African workmen with their families about them have become skilled technicians and operators, recognized and paid as such, communities that are more stable and creative appear to be growing. Children are learning and making their start right from the higher ground mounted by their parents. Knowledge, participation, production, progress, pride—all members of the family can share in them and lift themselves together.

Where European laws and practices discourage Africans from bringing their wives with them to new work, economic as well as social problems grow progressively worse.

"Christians share heavily in the responsibility for breaking up homes," a white minister in the Union of South Africa proclaimed in a sermon.

"Take John, our church janitor. We all like him. He performs many services well. When he came several years ago from his village, he asked to bring his wife and family. I said we had no place for them to live in the location, and they couldn't live in this European section where our church is. So he sent money home to his wife every pay day. I helped him make out the postal order. But after several months passed, John didn't come

to me to help him send money home. Finally I asked him why. 'I have news that another man has taken my wife,' John said.

"This church separated that family," declared the pastor.

The church, our church and yours, as well as the church in Africa, must be sure it is binding and not separating peoples.

Essential to home is housing. People need to own adequate homes, and the land on which they are built, if strong nations are to develop.

Another important influence on the home in Africa is the practice of *lobolo*, the bride-price. *Lobolo* is woven into the close-knit fabric of family and kinship in the tribal life of the village. Within that fabric is a whole social order of courtesies, service and security. It leaves no woman entirely on her own. Within it there can be no orphans. Everybody's life is woven into family life.

But to Europeans, and especially to early missionaries, the custom of exchange of wealth for a wife was often regarded as "buying a wife." In it there seemed to be implications of slavery. The Christian gospel was to bring freedom and to uplift womanhood. *Lobolo* was wrong.

Economic forces added further disturbance. Desire for Western goods sent the bride-price up until it became burden as well as blessing. The goat, cow, and anklets were sometimes replaced by a demand for money or for such things as sewing machine and bicycles.

Today even women themselves are confused as to what is best. The *lobolo* gave them fair security against marital abuse or abandonment. They had value in their husbands' eyes, and in the eyes of their families. But in many societies they were also strictly subject to husband and family. They had little freedom

though they and their children had security within the web of kinship.

"But today's cash economy has so commercialized the *lobolo*," a woman in South Africa told us, "that families are even demanding a receipt!" Modern to the last degree.

"This business of the bride-price is so mercenary now, with askings up to ten thousand or even twenty thousand francs for a wife," said a thoughtful African in the Belgian Congo. "And if that can be gotten, it makes it a lot harder for girls to persuade their families to let them continue their studies through secondary school."

A Kenya woman's experience, however, might persuade African parents to value education as highly as the *lobolo*.

"I had difficulty in getting my father to let me go to school. He wanted me to marry for he wanted the *lobolo*. But I prevailed, and now that I'm a teacher I get a good salary, and I can help my younger brothers and sisters through school, and so help my father. He sees that financial help can come from education of women as well as from the bride-price. Even so, men do not want women lifted to their level. They want to keep them in the home, under their thumb."

We also were told of a section where an emphasis on education of women was producing women teachers in good numbers. Some male teachers, however, were attempting to seduce women teachers by professions of love and promises to marry, just in order to shame and discredit them, break their spirits, discourage their climbing to the professional level of men, and thus maintain male "superiority."

Despite all these experiences, or perhaps because of them, opinions about *lobolo* differ widely.

*"In the city
they lose
themselves"*



Johannesburg's profile looms across the sky.

European style houses crowd one another along a street in Freetown, Sierra Leone



"If the dowry isn't paid, the marriage is weakened," a Rhodesian woman assured us.

"Divorce was very difficult in our tribal society," a Kenyan said. "The dowry was a security. It had to be returned if the marriage broke up, and lots of people had a say in that, so it wasn't easy. There were many voices for preserving the marriage. Some were selfish voices, it's true. But we don't like the looseness which Western influences have brought."

In Angola, however, an African said, "We don't want polygamy and we don't want *lobolo*. Women must be free."

A Sierra Leone social worker agreed. "Women among whom I work are not happy for the most part. They are largely Muslim and in harems where bride-price has been paid. But that doesn't do away with the quarreling and insecurity."

"We must preserve the best in these customs," a Nigerian Christian told us. "The long engagement ceremony between families of the man and the woman, including appropriate gifts, and followed by a Christian wedding in the church, makes marriage most binding. The soul of our nation is in some of these traditions. We must not lose our soul."

Back in the rural areas, where one finds the reservoir of traditional life and thought, these matters begin to become problems. Even in the life of the village and of neighboring villages, where an intricate network of kinship relations tie the people together in a social pattern woven through the centuries, questions are being raised as changes come, carried on currents of Western influence. And these questions permeate every aspect of life, work, and thought.

But with the mounting movement to the cities and industrial areas, it is impossible to gauge the friction, the sinkholes, the

barriers that the African encounters in his daily living. He can easily become the victim of ideologies that bring only misery. It is urgent that church, industry, education, business—every form of the West's contact with Africa—meet the African with "thoughtful affection," as one of our friends put it, and with understanding and constructive help.

This responsibility belongs to every person who goes from our land to Africa. The responsibility is upon the representatives of our government in their diplomatic posts, upon employees of the industry that mines the riches buried in Africa's soil or gathers the fruits of her plantations, upon those engaged in services in the economic field, upon educators, professional people, upon film and television representatives as they interpret the West to Africa and Africa to the West, upon missionaries. But missionaries they all are, on missions good or bad that will help determine the future role of Africa in our world.

And the church, which has gone to Africa with so great a vision, as a bearer of so great a power, must keep that vision clear, lifting it constantly with the tide as Africa lifts. For there is no power surpassing in the hearts of men the lifting power of Christian love. So far that power has been the greatest single force for progress in Africa's life. And its force is never spent. It grows as it is used.

5. *Old Patterns and New*

The fabric of the new Africa is on the loom. It is being woven with startling rapidity. The pattern is not complete. Many forces are vying to influence or control the design.

"In this transition period," one anthropologist in South Africa said to us, "women are holding things together. And we can depend on them to keep things moving steadily ahead. The influence of women appears greater than many have thought. They are important in the social, economic, educational, political, and spiritual life of Africa."

We may be sure that this fact is not being overlooked by the forces contending for power in Africa. Yet the lack of any major emphasis on the education of women is one of the weak points of the Christian mission south of the Sahara. We saw some excellent secondary schools for girls but they were few compared with boys' schools of similar standards.

"This is a time of peculiar susceptibility for the women of Africa," one experienced observer writes. "Old tribal values seem to be dying and too few new values have emerged to take their place. . . . [Africans] are in the grip of social revolution—the women above all. And, as if this were not enough, they are being exposed to the troubling, passionate political ideologies of our time, without the political experience to give them perspective or judging."

Whether they are illiterate villagers, college students, or members of parliament, women are part of the social revolution in Africa. The Christian church, if it is concerned for Africa, must be ready to help them in every way.

We talked with Charity Munjoma, a nurse in Northern Rhodesia. She is a generation removed from the rural reserve, which she knows only from visits to her grandmother there, and from her mother's and friends' accounts of their girlhood.

"Granny always had an answer for her faith in a divine spirit. There was never any doubt in her mind," Miss Munjoma said. "But the girls from the reserve who by great will power got to the city to school looked older because of the hard work they had done in their girlhood. On the reserve they dig in the field from six in the morning until six at night. Then they carry water and wood long distances. When the children are sick, medical help is seldom near.

"We women of Africa have a very big wound inside. We work hard to get an education. We get Christianity. After that it is hard to get anything. Authorities do not give much help to us to get on. It is difficult to find our way."

Miss Munjoma's hard work had earned her a Florence Nightingale scholarship that was soon to take her to England for a year's study. Like many other nurses in south and central Africa, she is a graduate of McCord Hospital in Durban.

As our conversation with Miss Munjoma was ending, thunder sounded and rain suddenly came pouring down outside.

"How will you get back to the hospital now?" we asked.

"Walk," she replied.

"How far is it?"

"Two miles."

OLD PATTERNS AND NEW

"Is there no transportation you can take?"

"No, there is none."

As it happened, a white friend of ours was able to take Miss unjoma back to her hospital. But lack of public transportation for Africans in some countries is part of the "very big wound on the inside."

The importance of women in Africa is apparent among tribes whose rulers are determined by matriarchal descent. Among the Baganda of Uganda, the parents of the queen, and thus the grandparents of the future king, or *kabaka*, become "mother" and "father" of the tribe. The father of the present queen is a chief, a devoted member of the Anglican Church and a member of the *Lukiiko*, the parliament of Buganda, their province. His wife, the stepmother of the queen but recognized as the "mother" of the tribe, is the first African woman to become a member of the Uganda Legislative Council.

We were invited to spend an evening with this couple in their home on "Heaven," which for centuries has been the name of a hill outside Kampala. Their car and driver came to our hotel for us. At a sharp turn at the top of the hill, we saw a sign reading, *Yita Ku Kkono*. We learned later from the chief that it meant "Keep to the Left." It had been raised after his car and that of his wife had collided on the curve and they couldn't collect insurance from each other's policies—a complication their car bears had been spared!

A drummer greeted us as the car rolled up to the veranda. We entered the big living room to his accompaniment and listened to a welcoming ballad, sung and drummed with the hospitable courtesy of the past.

In a few minutes the young assistant chief arrived and then

the senior assistant secretary of the *katikiro*, or chief minister to the king. The dinner was served by Zola Kungu, the fourteen-year-old son of the family. The conversation ranged from church to chieftainship.

"There is growing freedom and security today," the chief said. "And with it comes greater responsibility on the individual."

We spoke of our visit that morning to the Tombs of the Kings, where we had been impressed again by the Baganda's feeling that there is no division between life and death. The chief explained more fully the relationship between the province of Buganda and the country of Uganda, and between Buganda's parliament and the Uganda Legislative Council. We spoke of the fear for their future felt by other tribes in Uganda should the powerful Baganda gain the upper hand when self-government comes. The importance of justice for all peoples of Uganda



seemed to us clearly upon the hearts of these Christian Baganda leaders.

African women are now working in professional life. A few are sitting in legislative councils and parliaments. African women continue to exercise chieftainships. One, a paramount chief in Sierra Leone, was the first woman to address the legislature of her country when she became a member of its house of representatives. A Nigerian woman chief attended a world conference of women at the United Nations in 1957. Ghana today has its first woman dentist, its first woman sanitary inspector, its first fully qualified and licensed woman lawyer.

In many parts of Africa women have long been in trade. On the west coast they are businesswomen in a big way, like Mrs. Eugenia Kai Sasraku, chairman of the Accra Women Traders' Association.

"Before there was money and a cash economy," Mrs. Sasraku explained to us, "women exchanged rubber for salt, fish, or cloth. Today there are eight thousand women in our association alone.

"We air our grievances, and interview managers of trading firms about conditions and prices. We act as a co-operative society to buy material in large quantities so we can sell at lower prices. Many a market mother has supported a son at Oxford, Cambridge, or some other Western school."

The three huge markets in Accra are filled with everything from hardware and cloth to ice water at a penny a bottle. In late afternoon the children come from school to join their mothers at the markets, helping to cook the evening meal in the stalls so it will be ready to take home for the family supper. Some men are found, but a market is one place in West Africa where they are often in the minority.

*"Women are holding
things together"*

Mother and child enact a familiar family ceremony in a village in Cameroun.





An airline stewardess is commended for her work by a Nigerian official.

An American missionary nurse lectures to students in a Liberian hospital.



"Hundreds of houses in Ghana are owned by these market women," Mrs. Sasraku told us.

Being in business by no means keeps the women from family and community interests. Mrs. Sasraku, herself a merchant of hardware and other specialties, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a member of the Red Cross, the Y.W.C.A., and the Ghana Society for the Blind. She is a member of the Society of Friends of Lepers and also vice president of the Federation of Ghana Women.

Concern for home and family is one of the interests of the Federation of Ghana Women, which ties together most of the women's groups in the country and is affiliated with similar international organizations. We spent an evening in the home of its founder and full time general secretary, Dr. Evelyn Amarteifio and her husband. A young relative and his wife, Sam and Grace Amarteifio, both in professional radio work, and Mrs. Elsie Ofatey-Kodjoe, founder of the Girl Guides Association in Ghana, were there with us.

We talked of African customary marriage and local group work in youth delinquency. We discussed the need for training centers for women and for more knowledge of laws governing wills and the inheritance of property.

Seven hundred miles away, in another country and on another day, we learned more about African women's interest in economy.

"We are helping men to keep the cost of living down," Mrs. Constance Cummings-John, organizing secretary of the Sierra Leone Woman's Movement, told us. "In 1951, when costs went so high, twenty thousand women marched to Government House. Eventually the government decided to let market women buy local produce direct instead of through middle men."

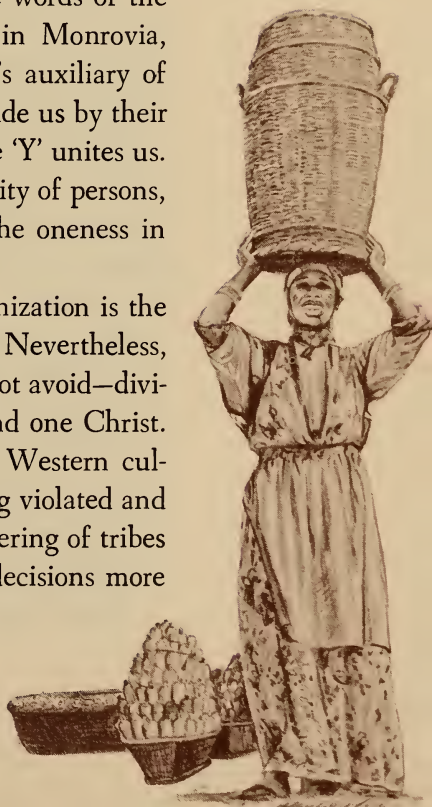
This group in Sierra Leone conducts an adult education program, publishes a newspaper, owns a building in Freetown, and carries on many community social service projects.

Additional aid is given to women's groups and to church and community in many parts of Africa by the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A. Their training programs are developing leadership, their hostels give opportunity for international and interracial fellowship and friendships.

It seems strange that Christians grouped together in the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A., which grew out of the church and are so related to the church, find more courage and strength at some points than does the church itself.

"The Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A. bring some of the greatest contributions to Christian living in Africa," in the words of the first African general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Monrovia, Liberia. Although she is president of the woman's auxiliary of her own congregation, she said, "The churches divide us by their different theologies and by denominationalism. The 'Y' unites us. It has no doctrine but Christ's love. It teaches equality of persons, understanding of all peoples, and it tries to live the oneness in Christ."

This "Y" executive agreed that back of her organization is the church to which it looks for personnel and help. Nevertheless, she expressed again the reality that the church cannot avoid—divisions weaken its witness to the love of one God and one Christ. African women are disturbed by the impact of Western culture on family life. The sanctity of marriage is being violated and control over family morals is weakening as the scattering of tribes and clans leaves the individual to make his own decisions more than ever before.



"In the past our tribal elders kept order but now their control is lost," a pastor from Kimpese in the Belgian Congo said as we talked at the Union Mission House in Leopoldville. He was en route to a conference of Protestant Christians, Africans and missionaries, in the Cameroun. Such conferences are occurring with increasing frequency and are involving more and more people. They are evidence of growing joint concern and study regarding problems that are common to all parts of Africa, and indeed throughout the world.

The fact that the African pastor and we were staying in the same hotel, one run by Protestant missions, was a sign of hope. It has not been long, in some parts of Africa, that people could sit together in a hotel and talk freely.

"New knowledge, cinemas, cabarets, nationalism, trade unions sport and social clubs, and many other things in the city compete with the church today, perhaps even more than fetishes and witchcraft," this pastor of Congo suggested.

We heard similar opinions all over Africa. "Children are less obedient today," a mother in South Africa said. But she admitted that she would still prefer to bring up her children in town where they were assured of better education than was afforded in the kraal schools.

"In our primitive society every child was born into the religion of his tribe. Today, left to choose mostly on their own, many aren't guided by that or any religion." This was an African officer of the Salvation Army speaking. We discovered that he was working in an industrial city grown up amid the hills that had been the home of his ancestors. His words about the family came to be almost like a theme song as we visited African communities.

"There used to be interfamily responsibility for marriage, but

OLD PATTERNS AND NEW

new families are separated, tribes are mixed together, young people are loosed, and many of them don't know what to do or where to turn," the officer asserted. "Early African society didn't know much divorce, with both families involved. But that didn't mean there was no unhappiness."

"In old days the children knew that the father had more wisdom than they. Now, since children go to school and read books, they are sure they know more than their illiterate parents." So spoke one of a group of highly educated teachers and pastors in the Kasai region of Congo.

To this group of Africans who had come to Luluabourg from their schools and churches to take further work in theology and Christian education, we put this question:

"What is the first memory you have of education?"

Here are their answers:

"The teaching of my parents. They were not Christians but they taught me to respect adults. And to respect work. 'Remember the hoe,' my father always said. And he insisted that 'if you work you don't have to steal.'"

"Mother and Father at family worship morning and evening. Father spent much time explaining Christian laws to us as he read the Scripture."

"The sound of the drums in the first light of the morning when Father got us all up for prayers. He was an evangelist. My early memory of prayer in our home has been a lasting influence on my life."

"My parents weren't Christian but they taught me many of the things that are in the Ten Commandments. Don't steal; don't commit adultery. These I am teaching my children with all my power."

"My father died when I was very young and my mother took me to the mission. I later worked in a missionary's home where I learned many things that have become a part of my life. But my mother came sometimes to see how I was doing. Always she said to me, 'Do your work well. Respect those in authority.'"

"The action of my parents, even though they were not Christian. They were always generous to strangers who came to our village. And they kept telling me that when I grew up I would have to carry responsibility for the family. This has helped me to understand my responsibility now to the larger family in my church."

"'Don't do anything that would make the chiefs come and demand pay from me,' is what my father always told me. Then he would say particularly, 'Don't steal. Don't commit adultery. Respect your elders.'"

"The life of my father, who was a Christian. He was quiet and industrious. He taught me to make mats and to keep busy as he was. I liked to work with him. But I had a quick temper. In this my mother helped me, for she would always remind me that 'soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

The cruelty and evil of pagan Africa have frequently been described, but that Africa also offered values to its peoples.

The Africans' plea to the Christian church and to all forces from the West is for help in retaining the good from the past so that it can be used in developing the new society that Africans are seeking.

. Labor, Land, Cash, and Law

We awaited our two luncheon guests at a hotel. When they appeared we walked across the courtyard to meet them, the secretary general and the president of a federation of the country's labor unions. But before we reached them, three smallish things became bonds. The secretary general had a delightful mile. He carried a bulging, gusseted briefcase. And he wore a macron four-in-hand figured red tie exactly like the one worn by his waiting host. He had bought his in the African seaport where they were meeting him; his host's was purchased in the American seaport of New York. The two ties bore the same brand, had the same pattern, were made in the same mill, possibly even in the same batch.

Already we had ties. More were to be found.

The president is a Christian; the secretary general, a Muslim. They are one in their labor interests, examples of the new groupings in Western patterns that are beginning to replace the older groupings of African tradition.

"We've a strike on," the president said. "I've been up and out with the strikers since five A.M. to try to make sure they break no law. They don't know laws. It's hard."

It is indeed. The unschooled strikers have little knowledge of the complicated foreign laws decreeing what can and cannot legally be done in regard to strikes, public assemblies, trespass,

intimidation, private property, and public order. The president must try to see that the reasonableness of the strike is not defeated by ignorance of the ground rules. It is a situation faced by several million Africans today as they try to make a living.

There are ten unions in the federation headed by our two guests. They represent dock hands, farm workers, railwaymen, miners, industrial workers, commercial office staffs, sales people and others.

The members come from several countries and many tribes and mostly from rural communities. Now compacted in an urban center, they are being speedily welded together by heats and pressures that they have not experienced before.

The day after our conversation with the union leaders, a European official referred to the Muslim secretary general as "one of the finest Christians I know." He did it knowing that employee interests had taken court action charging the union leader with inciting workers at a local plant to strike for more equitable working conditions and pay.

"He may go to prison for what he believes to be right, but he's got to be an honest man," the European official concluded.

The president of a regional teachers' association told us that "Africans are coming to feel that unions may be a necessary step required to put needed pressure on government and industry for better working conditions and pay. We have a good association but it seems we'll have to replace it with a union in order to force higher salaries for under-paid teachers."

As far as African reaction is concerned, something called teachers' association could probably exercise as much pressure as something called a union. But European employers in Africa would probably shrug off an association. A union is something

else, however, for it implies power to the Europeans. So Africans plan to change from association to union. Thus another step is taken toward a new power structure in Africa.

An African who is a quantity surveyer told us that he has to work six days a week and till 1 p.m. on Sundays.

"We just can't keep that up. We may have to unionize to enforce a normal work week. But the companies accuse us of bringing politics into business if we form unions. It is not politics at all. It's just a try at self-protection.

The record of labor recruiting in Africa contains dark, disturbing pages. Recruiting for mines and industry in the Union of South Africa continues to involve payments to the government of a neighboring country that is without much industry itself. This head money paid for the thousands of laborers the government permits to go to the Union.

"Labor recruiters," said an observant African, "visit villages carrying suitcases of money and shoes and cloth and spectacles as samples of the wealth and goods available to laborers who come to the cities and mines to work. Our people are attracted. Off they go."

But soon, when they can get a bicycle or a sewing machine, a few clothes or a few other coveted articles, many of them return home. The turnover in migrant labor in the Union has been estimated at 60 per cent a year.

Despite the anti-social and uneconomic features, there is a good deal of voluntary re-enlistment by laborers. Hundreds of thousands of contract laborers return home better oriented and stimulated for the future progress of their own country than they might otherwise be. It is also possible that this system of migratory contract labor, of a volume and duration unapproached elsewhere in

the Western world, may in the end, on the basis of hard, mutual experience, make a signal contribution both to Africans and Europeans as they try to build a co-operative, prosperous, and united society.

Africa is a great laboratory where Western economic, social, spiritual, and political experiments are being conducted with varying degrees of African participation. The extent, the conditions, and the forced speed of these experiments are without counterpart in history.

For example, there is a vast difference between the early mining experiences of North America and of Africa. North America's first mining industries turned out products that, wholly or in great part, were made into goods and facilities for the society that owned them and dug them out. But in Africa the first large-scale mining enterprises have been owned by Western capital, run by Western management, worked largely by African labor, and the products have been shipped almost wholly to other lands for manufacture and sale. The bulk of the profits have not been invested in the land and the society that produced the raw material. The early laborers could seldom if ever identify anything they bought and used as coming from the raw material they had helped produce. They could have no sense of ownership and little sense of participation and partnership in building an economy.

Actually the native economy didn't seem to rise very much. For as wages rose so did cost of living. Sometimes it rose faster for reasons that Africans did not understand and over which they had not the slightest conscious control. Their income, their education, their capacities for increased production and consumption and their personal enjoyment and profit from what they had

elped produce were entirely different from the experience in the West.

There were reasons for this situation. Probably it couldn't have been much different, considering the social, economic, and political ideas of the West at the close of the nineteenth century when it began its modern venture into Africa. For one thing, there was then scarcely a glimmer anywhere on earth of the idea of "one world." Consequently the West felt little sense of economic responsibility for primitive foreign lands and people. Even the Christian missionary concept was largely a matter of doing things for the poor heathen rather than *with* these overseas people.

Since those days, the world has experienced political, economic, and social changes that have revolutionized the relationships between peoples everywhere. Most European governments now involved in Africa are making the adjustments there that the revolution demands. Their changes will inevitably affect areas of Africa controlled by other Europeans who are resisting change. Old governments are not necessarily the most stable. People all over today's Africa are feeling the exhilarating presentiments of new power. Thousands are well established in their use of new power for self, family, community, and nation.



Thirty years ago a young African and his wife, with their children, came from a country village to Leopoldville. He was appointed first assistant of the only union missionary hostel in central Africa. He had had no experience of Western-type institutional management. There were no other Congolese in the city holding similar rank in a Western enterprise. He served hundreds of hostel guests of a dozen lands, languages, diets, and habits. He learned to deal with railway, customs, post office, immigration, banks, hospitals, merchandisers, and repairmen, using three European and as many African languages. When the European couple in charge returned to Europe, he and his wife replaced them.

For the next twenty years and more, Samuel Lutete and his wife, Lesa Lini, managed the hostel. Then they went into business for themselves as restaurant owners in the city, serving both European and African patrons.

Mr. and Mrs. Lutete made it possible for us to meet a group of Congolese at their home. The dozen Congo guests included transport company cashier, an oil company accountant, three bank clerks, a postal employee, a clerk in the geological service and three men operating their own businesses. All were mature men, church members, heads of families. Their minds reached out to many subjects.

"Why is it that a man's religion, whether he is Roman Catholic or Protestant, can decide whether he gets the job? Isn't it right that if a man is honest and knows his job he should have a fair chance, regardless of religion?"

These men recalled two decades when the Roman Catholic Church had a monopoly on government funds for public education. During that time none of the taxes they paid were availab

through Protestant schools for the education of their children. The Roman Catholic schools were generally unwilling to receive Protestant children unless they became Catholic, and the Protestant parents did not want their children in Roman Catholic schools anyway. So Protestants paid taxes without receiving any government aid in education. It was decidedly an unhappy period, with the injustice rankling. Protestant mission schools were entirely dependent on a share of the mission budget and lacked money to equal the government-supported Catholic schools in buildings and equipment. Nor were the certificates of graduation from the Protestant schools given the official government recognition accorded the others.

"If we Protestants had not been punished that way, many more of our children would be prepared for the university education available today."

"I wish you'd come to my bank," said one man. "I want you to see the accounting machine job I'm doing. I like the work. But the Europeans who are doing the same job get two or three times as much salary as I do. Why is that?"

"We're grateful to the missionaries for all they have done and for the education they've started and carried on in Congo. But now that we've got some education and are in business and have our homes, we don't know the missionaries very well. We don't have a chance to visit often. Why is that?"

This question, in various forms, was asked of us in several other parts of Africa. The same situation, of course, often arises between church members and church staffs in North America—too little time for the growing of personal friendships and the strengthening of individual hearts and spirits. But to say this in reply to African queries is scant help. Africans are not yet as

enmeshed in organization and administration as are Westerners.

Many missionaries express regret that their administrative duties leave them too little time for counsel and comradeship with Africans. The only way they can get more time is for Africans to do more of the administrative and organizational work. This is being done in several parts of Africa. Africans are taking over responsibilities, as they should. Missionaries can then have a much more fruitful, personal, constructive, creative relationship with African friends and partners.

Samuel Lutete drove us home through the slowed movement and lowered sound of the great African city at midnight. Where we had first seen it, forty-three years before, it was a small village. Many changes had been made; we marveled at some and recoiled at others. But to rejoice we had only to think of the Lutetes, our friends through the years. Their children have been educated and are supporting themselves, two in business and one as an orthopedic surgical assistant at the Kimpese mission hospital and school. Sons, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren frequent the parental home. Dignity, peace, and love are clearly present there, and so are Christian humility and gratitude.

Accomplishments like the Lutetes' are found by the thousand in Africa. There can be no doubt of Africans' abilities. They are shown repeatedly and nearly everywhere.

Luluabourg, toward the middle of the Congo, is an important road, rail, and air center. It has growing trade, a military depot and command post, good schools for Africans and European children together, and an African mayor.

"The African can be much happier today. He is more protected on every side by laws. There is a more democratic feeling, a greater concern for others of all tribes." The chief who was

LABOR, LAND, CASH, AND LAW

...eaking thought that these improvements were basically due to the spread of the Christian gospel and to the Belgian government's policy of African development.

"A chief's power in a city like this is entirely different from that of my grandfather. He was a hereditary chief, a lawmaker. I am elected, a law administrator. My power is from the hands of more people than he ruled, and from a number of tribes. People now understand that law is for their own good and protection. Fear is what made them obey the old tribal laws.

"The one unfortunate thing Christianity has brought, along with all its good, is more divisions. We had enough of them with our tribes. Now we have to learn how to retain loyalty but build unity."

As Africans seek to build unity out of the interplay between their own diverse cultures and the varieties of ideas and techniques brought to them from the West, they involve themselves in entirely new relationships. One of these relationships is indicated by the words, "cash economy."

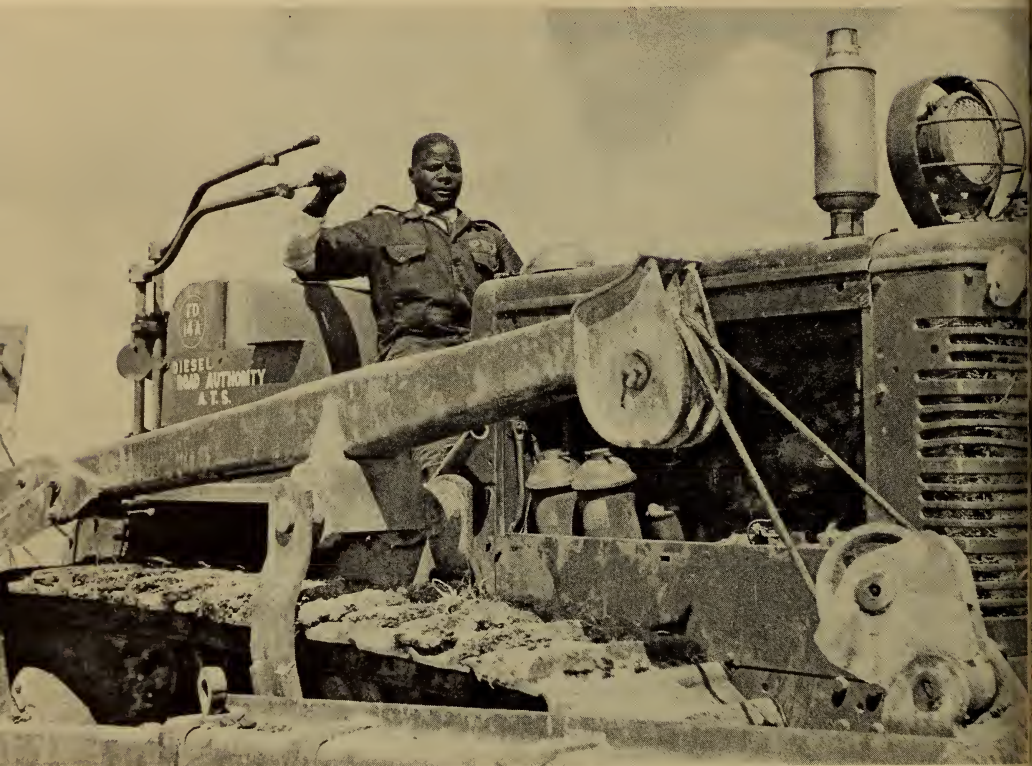
We were sitting with two friends in a comfortable home in Leopoldville, talking about the many changes in the Congo.

"Among the hardest things is this," said one of our friends. "In the old days we had land and forest and water, and we ourselves could get everything. Now we have to depend on some one else with money, or we starve. That is hard."

"But you could go back to your village," we said in jest. "The land, forest, and water are still there; you can still get everything."

They laughed. "No, we don't want to go back. There are new things here that we want. But the money matter is strange and hard."

"This new, changed day brings many things to do"



The operator of the Diesel tractor, above, works for a road building authority.

A police constable directs traffic, right, at an intersection in Nairobi, Kenya.

A technician, far right, probes the electronic maze of a telephone exchange.





It is easy to discern a number of practical reasons why a cash economy suddenly introduced into a barter society would seem "strange and hard." But one other reason is not so clearly visible to the West. In animistic communal societies, the things that are bartered and how they are bartered are usually closely bound by the spiritual beliefs and practices of the tribe.

The late John T. Tucker, in *Drums in the Darkness*, told of a primitive Angola tribe in which "to ensure future success a trader's child when a few days old is made to eat special food obtained by the father at great cost. The special dish consists of the eye of a fish, a piece of elephant's ear and the diaphragm of a lion; the eye is believed to confer clearness of perception for future business dealings; the elephant's ear prevents deafness, earache and noises in the head, the future trader thus being guaranteed keen hearing; the lion's diaphragm imparts invincible strength whether on the path or in overcoming other traders."

An African removed a generation or two from such a background is likely to feel that Western cash economy is quite divorced from spiritual sanctions. If he becomes a Christian, he may expect that Christianity will exert a strong influence over his followers' attitudes toward wealth. It will disturb him to discover the little relationship there seems to be between Christianity and a cash economy.

We were invited to a home one Sunday afternoon in Nairobi, Kenya, with a number of others—storekeepers, a foreman, a bank clerk, government clerical employees. Our conversation turned to the problems of land and a cash economy.

"I get what could be considered a fairly good salary," our host said. "But we have no land here in the city, so my wife can't grow food. You see these two girls visiting us? They're my nieces

They've come from the country for a visit and they've been here two weeks. It's a custom we have always observed. When we lived in the country our relatives came to visit very often. We liked to have them. Our land produced our food—we never sold the extra. When visitors came there was plenty to eat."

"But now you have to buy food," one of his friends put in. Family visitors come as is our custom. Food costs more money than we've got. How can we feed guests?"

"Also it is our custom when relatives visit to give them presents to take home," our host continued. "In the country it could be food or pots or mats, something we had grown or made. Now it must come from shops. We don't want these girls or our relatives or ourselves to feel shame when they bring no gifts home with them or when the gifts are poor. The girls must take welcome gifts home. That's our custom. But where to get the money? The new life has many hard things."

If paid labor and unions and Western-type government and a cash economy are new in Africa, land is not. Land is older than man himself. When finally man came, he came to land. Land is his home.

"Land isn't a body one can hold," a Nigerian theological student told us. "God is spirit. God's spirit is in the land. Mistreat land and you mistreat God."

African pagans know these spiritual relations to land as did Westerners' pagan forbears. The relationships are as familiar to African Christians as they were to the early Christians of Palestine and Europe. Even as recently as our grandfathers' day, Western man had a more intimate and spiritual feeling toward land than he has in our generation.

Today, the majority of Western peoples, in their urban cul-

tures, have lost touch with the land. To the vast majority of Africans, however, land still is home, life, spirit. And when change touches African land, Africans are specially sensitive and often fearful.

"We know there are the closest relations between land and ancestral spirits," said Chief Humbi, assistant minister of agriculture for Tanganyika, a Muslim. He had kindly come to our hotel to talk about the importance of land.

"Ninety thousand people and a quarter of a million head of cattle are a big responsibility," he continued, speaking of his chieftancy in a western province. "The land belongs to the tribe—to all the people. The chief assigns it and anyone may use the land as long as he cultivates it. Food for all of us is dependent upon the land. The medicine man blesses the seed before it is sown, arranges the rain-making, offers the sacrifice of cattle to the spirits of the land."

Rain, sun, wind, crops, and animals are closely related to land in Africa. Driving in one town we remarked at the many goats in the streets. "Those are sacred goats," we were told. "They are descended from goats owned by a renowned witch doctor who died long ago. People believe they carry some of the power of the witch doctor. They belong to no one but to everyone. No one would venture to kill any of them even though they have to be fed and are almost a nuisance. The ancestral powers and spirits live on in these goats."

Departed ancestors are in and upon and over the land. Rain, sun, animals, and food are upon the land. When land is threatened, life is, too. And so are the spirits of all gone on before. Land is the base of life.

Foreigners coming to Africa fifty years or more ago knew

little of African beliefs and attitudes toward land. Population was sparse, vast stretches of land seemed unoccupied and unclaimed. Millions of acres were appropriated by Western powers for themselves and for individuals and companies. Sometimes gifts for the land were made to Africans, sometimes not. In either case, Africans knew nothing of selling land in the Western sense. They understood granting use for the time being, yes, but not so tight, permanent, inalienable, private ownership.

A great deal of hostility between Africans and foreigners in Africa today stems from this early lack of understanding.

"It was one of the basic causes of the Mau Mau uprising in Kenya," a Kikuyu pastor told us. "When I was a boy, I knew Jomo Kenyatta, Mau Mau's leader. He was a man in a neighboring village. The Kikuyu Central Association that he fostered contended that European settlers were taking Kikuyu land. People's motions were fanned until the uprising resulted.

"Africans had lived solely off their land—food, water, animals, wood, thatch, skins. Then money and the new things it could buy entered in. They seemed good. But much of the land seemed gone. One of the great promises of the Mau Mau was the return of the land to the Kikuyu."

"Without land at home we would be afraid we would perish if our job in the city failed," a Kikuyu businessman told us. "The city is our temporary place. The country is home. Land holds our life. It is our security."

From a European point of view cases can be made, in a pattern of European procedure, for European ownership of a good deal of land now claimed. From the African point of view many such claims can be denied.

"We've been robbed of our land! Our land is gone forever!"



So can Africans' thoughts and cries go. Once again they are being pressed to adjust to ideas that the West took centuries to evolve. These ideas have been presented to them in a mixed-up package, in unfamiliar wrappings, in foreign languages, in the persons of foreigners who seem to have used the ideas to their own advantage. Sometimes, where these pressures are greatest, Africans strike out violently.

Some Westerners may find it hard today to understand the Africans' spiritual and emotional attachment to land. After all, they might say, the "practical" problems are the important ones. Western industry, trade, cash economy are inevitably coming in Africa. Let's be realistic, get on with the job.

In areas where there is a land-holding European population, the Africans emphasize Africans' rights to land ownership. Behind such attitudes is, among other things, a basic feature of the new Western cash economy: credit.

The approach was sometimes a bit like African storytelling, round about, circumstantial, with the nugget in the middle. An insurance-undertaker spoke of it this way:

"In none of our problems can we get away from land. Back in our homes on the land, when someone died we knew where the burial was to be. The medicine man came and did the usual things, the right members of the family prepared the body, the

Here
insert
the
story
of
the
man
who
died
on
the
land

right people dug the grave in the right spot of land, the right ceremonies were carried out, the right relations were thus established with this new spirit in the land where he had joined his own and our ancestors. The land was his and theirs and ours.

"When Africans began coming to the European settlements to work for money and learn new things, burial was a big problem. When I was a little boy here in the city people would go around to collect pennies and small cash to send a body back to the ancestral land. This grew into organizations to raise money for burial in the home land. But that expense got greater and finally too heavy. Then people had to agree to bury in town and to raise money for all the costs of doing so. There were many mutual aid societies, mostly women's organizations.

"But the problem got bigger and bigger, more complicated and costly. The laws and formalities more and more favored professional undertakers and they were mostly Europeans. Their fees went higher and higher. And many of them didn't understand Africans' hearts and customs. I got into the burial business. But almost nobody had ever saved enough to pay for burial and debts were a big problem.

"So then I organized an insurance company to cover burials for the whole family, husband, wife, and up to five children. They pay monthly or sometimes weekly fees. Somebody has to go around to collect the fees. We hire collectors, more and more all the time. The locations where people live are farther and farther out of the city; transportation is bad so the collectors can't always go and return promptly. They collect a lot of money. And then sometimes they don't come back. I'm in the hole. If I sue them, often the law can't catch them. If the law catches them, usually I can't recover, for they have no freehold, no prop-

erty. If the collectors have homes, they belong to the city, and are just rented. They may go to jail, but I've lost my money. This is all a complicated matter of law, of land, of property, of ownership, of freehold, as well as honesty.

"So I'm in the insurance business. I've got cash from premiums that ought to be earning the highest interest possible from sound investments. But the government's registrar of insurance won't let me invest insurance money in a new business block I could put up, with profitable rentals assured in advance. The reason is, I can't and my company can't get a freehold of land on which to build. And anyway, without a freehold my building wouldn't be a wise, sure investment for me or my company. All this is solely because I am an African and an African can't own land. So I have to put the insurance money in a European bank at a low interest rate, or lend it to some European business that has a freehold and that keeps a good share of the profit my money earns.

"How can Africans ever get ahead in a cash economy with no freehold? In the beginning of a cash economy, land ownership is essential, and all through a cash economy development, freehold is a basic element. Free participation without freehold is impossible in a cash economy."

Land, law, labor, and a cash economy are powerful influences in Africa's new life. Africans are adopting and adapting, receiving and giving, learning and teaching, accepting and rejecting, advancing and recoiling. The old Africa is disturbed to its depths. The new is only emerging.

But this seems clear: The African will grow, and he is willing to grow with the West of the Hebraic-Christian tradition—if the soil and the elements are right.

WHAT EAR HAS HEARD, WHAT EYE HAS SEEN,
YOU MAY PROCLAIM WITH THE MOUTH.
—AFRICAN PROVERB

7. *The Impact of Communications*

In today's speeded up, interlinked, compacted world, nothing has developed more universally and penetratingly than the many-stringed complex called communications.

This complex of communications is not just writing and reading, and speaking and hearing. It consists of all the ways in which ideas, ideals, religion, goods, persons, and education in every aspect of life are transferred and known, and then adopted, modified, or rejected. Manufacture and distribution, advertising and merchandising qualify as communications in this sense. Travel is an increasingly easy but not always reliable form of communications. Political ideologies, scientific discoveries, industrial developments, social formulas, religious convictions are part of the communications load that can be delivered, for inspection at least, almost anywhere in the world this afternoon or by day after tomorrow. And it is delivered from many varied and conflicting sources, from a great number of different points of view. They are so numerous that the people receiving them have to sort rapidly and sometimes blindly to make their choices.

The expansion and quickening of this communication complex have occurred during the past half-century. The same half-century marks the modern era in Africa. No other continent has made contact with the rest of the world in any such atmosphere of multiple, quick, encompassing communications as has Africa.

Communication occurs in striking ways in Africa. Thirty years ago, a little Kru boy at Grand Cess on the Liberian coast was helping his father fish. He saw a ship passing, then others. They seemed to have no paddles or oars or sails. What made them go? His elders told him ships had machines. What were machines? He was fascinated. He longed to see a machine, to run a machine that had such power.

When Josiah Mieh was older, he went to work in Monrovia, always as close to machines as possible. He joined a Methodist church, married, and began a family.

Finally Josiah learned to drive a truck. World War II came and the U.S. Navy began building the new port of Monrovia. He drove trucks. War ended, the Liberia Mining Company started to construct a railway over the forty-five miles to Bomi Hill. He drove trucks. The great mine opened. He drove trucks.

And then the huge Euclids came. Fifty great Euclids with caterpillar tracks that carried seventeen tons of ore a trip to the crusher. The paragon of power. The mastodon of machines. The Euclid!

"And now I drive a Euclid," said Josiah Mieh, his eyes shining, as we sat listening to his story in the air-conditioned office of the general manager at the Bomi Hill mine. Uneducated by today's scholastic standards, speaking coast pidgin, unable to read a blueprint or to figure a stress, Mr. Mieh has achieved a position of skill and responsibility. He "communicates" seventeen tons of ore at a time to an industrial world that is largely unknown to him but of which he is a part. He communicated to us a vivid impression of an individual who is an achieving, contented, fulfilled person.

"My time is more than my father's time," Mr. Mieh said.

"Europeans taught us to use machines. They taught us the gospel. Both are good."

Far south and east from Liberia, we visited a bookstore in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia. The shop was busy. Six clerks, Africans all, were selling, wrapping, making change.

"What sells best?" we asked.

"*Complete Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen*; Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*; *About Your Marriage*, by Dr. Ludlow; *A Guide to Effective Speaking*; *Good Manners in a Nutshell*."

We were introduced to a man who was browsing in the shop. We didn't see him buying. We later learned that he is an expert fitter in a factory making steel casement frames and window sash. He has a wife and four children and lives in a three-room house that costs him about \$34 a month. He turns out somewhat more work than either of the two white men who work at the same bench. He gets about \$113 a month. They get about \$226 each. By eyes and tone and bearing, he communicated a message very different from that of Josiah Mieh. He seemed a troubled and unfulfilled person.

Multitudes in Africa are unfulfilled. The outside world has communicated skills and knowledge to them. They make a start, gain experience and skill, feel that perhaps they can move ahead with the new society growing around them. They reach the required production level. And then their hopes are shattered. No matter how good they are in skill, they're still wrong in color. Merely to be white would double their pay and perhaps triple it.

It is little solace for an African to hear, as he does, that the white standard of living is higher and so requires higher wages. He could perhaps see a small wage differential. But double or

"What we see we like— for the most part"



The Leco Press bookstore in Leopoldville offers volumes on a variety of topics.

principle? And his own standards of living are rising, too. He, his wife, his children want better education, food, housing, furniture, clothing, and health. Everywhere about him, even if he lives in a remote area, are shops with Western wares. There is much to be had from the West. And the white man at the bench who produces no better gets much more. A slow burn starts—and fire is easily communicated.

Difference in wages because of color is a serious check in Africa's economy today. Despite this, however, the economy is improving. The number of Africans receiving salaries is far higher than it was a few years ago. African buying power is multiplying and this brings more manufacture and merchandising. Education, sanitation, health, and other services increase.

One of the most visible impacts that modern communications is making in Africa can be symbolized by a suitcase. In the middle of 1958, more Westerners and more Easterners were believed to be moving about in more parts of Africa than at any previous time. During the year it is likely that more Africans than ever before were traveling in Africa itself and in Europe, North America, and the Middle East. Many of them were on their own, paying their own way. The majority were probably traveling on government or industry funds.

The Belgian Congo government, which only a few years ago sent the first Congo African of modern times (excepting candidates for Roman Catholic priesthood) go to the West for education, in 1958 brought hundreds of Congo men, women and children to the Brussels International Exposition. These people were outfitted, entertained, and transported round trip by air at government expense. No such mass visit to Europe by Africans had ever been arranged before.

At Stanleyville, we boarded a plane carrying one of these returning Congo families. They were a couple from the Equator Province, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mbenga. Mr. Mbenga was born in a small village but today he is one of the most competent instructors in his own and his father's alma mater, the Congo Christian Institute at Bolenge.

When we arrived at Bolenge, we breakfasted with the Mbengas in a missionary's home and learned some of their impressions of Europe.

"Temptations seemed greater there than in Congo," Mr. Mbenga said. "Perhaps it was because there are so many things to be had. But a Christian can learn restraint from temptations. He can grow stronger by not giving in to them.

"The wisdom of Europeans in science is awesome. Happily they can't make a man. God exceeds them in wisdom. Jesus is their Master and Savior. Some things they can make I'd like to have come to Congo. But some I hope never do."

Mrs. Mbenga spoke of the kindnesses shown them.

"A Belgian friend, a member of the Protestant church in Brussels, came at eight o'clock one morning for another woman and me. We went to her home to spend the day and see how Belgians live at home. She let us help her cook breakfast and wash the dishes after we had eaten. Then we went with her to the market to buy food for the rest of the day. We came home and cooked it, talking as we worked. Later she took us to see some of the city and we had something to eat together, talking all the time. When we went home at ten o'clock at night we were good friends. Now we know each other. When I think of Belgium I think of her. For she is my friend."

Thus Africa is being readied and is readying the future. Its



contacts with the rest of the world, good and bad, warm and cold, are multiplying all the time. They are bringing swift and extensive changes to the continent and there is little likelihood that these changes will be slowed or limited.

Some persons see nothing but disaster for Africa in the changes. They view Africans as persons with child's minds in men's bodies, gone mad for power and speed of change. Fortunately, fewer and fewer Westerners today openly voice such sentiments. But there are probably many who still hold them. And Africans are often sensitive to such opinions. To Africans as to others, action—or inaction—sometimes speaks louder than words. Constructive and friendly action can powerfully influence Africa. Africa today is friendly to the West, and its progress represents hope and challenge for it and for the rest of the world.

THE ONE IN FRONT HAS REACHED THERE, THE
ONE BEHIND ONLY HEARS ABOUT IT
—AFRICAN PROVERB

8. The Press

As we arrived at Cottage No. 8, Big Ben struck in London and BBC news came on the radio. We listened in Highfield Southern Rhodesia.

When he had invited us to his home, Lawrence C. Vambe hadn't mentioned that his wife was in the hospital with a broken ankle. We found him putting their four children to bed, making sandwiches, and getting the coffee and cups and saucers ready. An African husband as domesticated as any American! We felt at home.

Mr. Vambe is editor-in-chief of African Newspapers, Ltd. The company produces nine publications, all printed in Salisbury. Six are weekly newspapers, each in a different language. There are a daily and a weekly in English. Another publication is *African Parade*, a monthly magazine in English with sections in the Bemba, Shona, Nyanza, and Sindebele languages. The company's large staff is African.

We had visited the editorial offices a few days before. Tables and desks were jammed with paper. Typewriters were pounding and telephones ringing. Whoever has seen one newspaper has seen all newspapers—almost. But not quite.

African newspapers run by Africans are themselves news in great stretches of Africa. They have existed for ten years in some places and less in others. They have faced the unexplored in

Journalism: how to produce a paper that would support itself through sales to newly literate people as yet without reading habits? African journalists have to consider people like the old chief who, unable to read, takes a paper in his hand and peers at a picture upside down. How communicate with people like him? What pictures could they understand? A special concern was the growing group of educated, alert, aspiring Africans. What would they buy and read? Nobody knew.

Nor do African editors yet know how governments will read what their papers print. In many of the areas where African editors are new, Africans do not govern. They are governed by Europeans, in some places with a bit of African participation, in others with less. So African edited newspapers can't be written solely for African readers. Government officials and other Europeans are readers, too. African editors know life's realities in those areas. They edit with tact and skill. But in handling political, economic, and social news, editors are likely to be cautious and to be criticized for their caution by African readers. When that happens, circulation drops and advertising revenue lessens. The problem is to give African readers a publication that is as stimulating and attractive as possible in view of the "facts of life." The problem isn't met in Africa, alone, but some of Africa's facts are different.

"Of one thing I am convinced," Mr. Vambe had said on the day we visited his office. "Education is essential to the future of the African. We now have the means of communication. The people must be educated so we can communicate among ourselves and to the world the things that are so important for us all to say and know and understand."

In an adjoining office another editor, Nathan Shamuyarira,

had said frankly, "The church must be confronted with the Christian gospel. The discrepancy between the church and the Christian gospel is too evident."

To be confronted with Christianity by a newspaper editor showed us once more how the Africans regard religion as a great guide and control of life.

That evening we came to Lawrence Vambe's home. And when we heard the BBC news, it was against the background in our minds of Moffatt and Livingstone, Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, waiting weeks and months for word from London. They had opened all this land. And miles away to the north was the spot where a lonely hunter had shot a roan antelope and found under its still warm body the first bits of rock that opened to the world the Roan Antelope Mine and the copper treasure of Northern Rhodesia. Without those venturesome spirits, that plenteous copper, and without the countless men and women, from palest white to most burnished black, who had invested their courage and intelligence in the country, we'd not be sitting there in Lawrence Vambe's home.

In the room around us were mementos of our host's visits to America, Britain, and to African lands. Mr. Vambe has traveled and collected, ideas not least of all. And later, when other guests joined us, we found that their minds ranged as freely as his over the intricate problems of the world.

But we also learned that, as freely as they expressed themselves, they felt a lack of freedom.

"Africans cannot set up their own business in town, but only in African locations," said Paul Mushonga, a businessman. "Europeans, however, are able to carry on trade in both places.

"There are other difficulties due to our own inexperience and

lack of capital. Europeans can buy their stocks at wholesale rates from overseas. We haven't the capital and connections. We buy locally at high rates. And we're not wholly familiar yet with the new cash economy, with interest and overhead, bookkeeping and cost accounting. If our traders take in £20 a day in sales they're apt to feel they are getting rich. They don't realize their net profit may be only £2 or even less. If a man borrows money at 10 per cent he doesn't figure that 10 per cent profit on sales may pay but little more than the lender's interest and his own overhead, leaving next to nothing for him. And perhaps he doesn't realize how important turnover is in merchandising. Presently he's bankrupt, and he doesn't know how or why it happened."

"Training teachers is one of the most needed things in the Federation," said a free lance writer, Enoch Dumbutshena. "The University College here at Salisbury is good but there are too few Africans prepared to enter. Education in all subjects is needed."

The talk moved to America and race relations, radio, motion pictures, education, labor unions, churches. Many Americans have written about Africa. America would benefit by reading what Africans think about it.

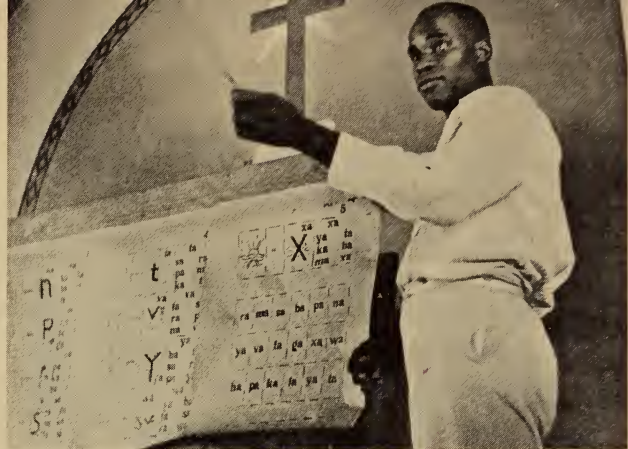
Anyone studying communications in Africa cannot overlook *Drum*, the first mass circulation monthly journal for Africans.¹ Born in 1951, it has a circulation of 250,000 copies in eight territories of Africa and in several countries overseas. Printed principally in English but with some material in African languages, it has probably the widest coverage and sale of any magazine printed in Africa.

¹ See Sampson, Anthony. *Drum: The Newspaper That Won the Heart of Africa*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1957.

*"There is growing
freedom and security"*

Drums summon voters during elections in Dakar.





The subject being taught by this church teacher appeals to millions of people in Africa: how to read and write.

Newspaper reporters interview labor leaders at a union press conference.



Jim Bailey is its founder and publisher. He is the son of the late Sir Abe Bailey, a pioneer in gold and business on the Rand who founded *The African World*, a monthly journal in London that still goes strong. Lady Bailey lives today in Capetown. We first met her in 1927 at Leopoldville, when she was flying solo from the Union of South Africa to England, the first woman to do so.

Jim Bailey is as much of a pioneer as his parents, but in the publication field. His offices in the new Samkay House in Johannesburg already have the clutter of established journalism. His staff is headed by Tom Hopkinson, who is British, and Can Themba, an African.

The Bantu Press, also in Johannesburg, is a publishing company that is interracial in an area where races are worse divided than in any other place in Africa. It publishes *The World*, formerly the *Bantu World*, twice a week and is hoping to increase publication to five times a week.

We had tea with D. S. Harrison, the Press's European general manager, and Boniface Wegwate and Molaodils Mosielele, African editor and news editor respectively. Mr. Wegwate trained for some years in Africa and Rome for the Roman Catholic priesthood. To confer with these alert and responsible men, to meet their associates, European and African, and to sense the spirit of co-operation among them were welcome and encouraging experiences for visitors from a country having such serious color problems of its own.

A Westerner who reads an African publication will find that it reflects a many-faceted image of its readers. We've mentioned *The African Parade*, published by African Newspapers, Ltd., under Lawrence Vambe's editorship. *Parade*, a monthly, describes

itself as "Central Africa's Most Widely Read Magazine." Its articles and other material, printed primarily in English, fill sixty-eight large pages.

Its scores of advertisements carry the message of such products as Quaker Oats, Ipana, Pepsodent, Lifebuoy, Pond's Skin Freshener, Kodak, Singer Sewing Machines, and Eveready batteries. One of its ads carries a photograph of a man's head and shoulders and begins with the sentence, "This is Mr. Magiears Muzwarire, one of the smartest guys in Bulawayo." Another simply contains a close-up photograph and the words: "18-year-old Simon D. D. Moyo of Hogarth's Ltd., P.O. Box 434, Bulawayo, is in need of pen-pal of either sex."

An example of *Parade's* editorial content was the story of William Byron Rumford, forty-nine-year-old Negro pharmacist who was elected a California state assemblyman in 1948. In the four elections since then, he "either had no opposition or has won both the Democratic and Republican nominations in the primary." He is chairman of the State Assembly's Public Health Committee, active in "the Council of Social Agencies, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Red Cross, Boy Scouts" and other organizations. There is no indication that Mr. Rumford ever visited Africa, but the story and its pictures of him, his family, his pharmacy, his colleagues in the State Assembly, will not be pointless to the readers of *Parade*.

In other parts farther north in Africa, far-seeing persons also know the power of co-operation in publishing and are using it for the Christian message. We came in contact with three periodicals published by Protestant groups: *Challenge* on the West Coast, *Nshila* on the East, *Envol* in the Congo. Attractive in format, color, and illustration, and sensitive to the heritage, prob-

lems, interests, and personalities of their readers, they present the Christian gospel with all its concern and strength for daily living.

"But I'm sure we are producing much literature that doesn't reach Africans' thought," Merfyn Temple, secretary of the United Society for Christian Literature, and manager of the society's bookstore in Lusaka, told us. "I'm writing a book now and am submitting it chapter by chapter to Africans for their criticism. I've torn up one chapter twice already. I want it really to communicate to African people."

"At first we did a good deal of the writing," said Trevor Shaver, who, with his wife, founded first the English magazine, *Challenge*, in Nigeria, and later *Envol* in the Belgian Congo. *Envol* is now publishing editions in African languages as well as in French. "But we learned it was much more satisfying and useful to help Africans write. Not only do they develop their own abilities but Africans like the magazine better."

The people who produce these Christian magazines know well the importance of watching for and encouraging talent among Africans. Their attitude should pervade Africa. To discover some special gift within a person, to encourage its development, and to help direct it to a place of usefulness is priceless contribution to the continent.

"Suzanne Freitas embodies the aspirations and hopes of Congolese women. And the men respect her, too." So a fellow member of *Envol's* editorial staff evaluated a remarkable twenty-year-old woman who is the only full-time African woman journalist in the Belgian Congo.

Suzanne's is a story to make Westerners and Africans alert to discover talent. When they learned of her ability, the *Envol* staff trained her to write in both French and Lingala, the language

franca of Congo. She was given responsibility for a women's page and special features as well.

Then *L'Avenir*, Leopoldville's oldest European newspaper, asked her to write a weekly column. Her father was opposed at first. He comes from proud San Salvador stock, of the family of the ancient kings of Kongo. He had to be persuaded that it was respectable for his daughter to contribute to the columns of a secular newspaper. Finally he agreed, "but only if someone else accompanies Suzanne to the *L'Avenir* office when she has contact with the staff."

Soon she was invited to do a radio program.

"Never!" said her father. "The newspaper is enough." But at last he yielded to radio also and today Suzanne has her weekly radio interview program.

We missed meeting Suzanne because she was in Brussels for the International Exposition. We learned about her from her friends, who did not neglect to tell us that one of the major influences in her life was her mother's strong Christian character. Suzanne's story makes it clear that Africa is better today because someone discovered and encouraged the spark of genius in her.

What might be called the "Hot Dog Imbroglio" was just cooling down when we got to Ibadan in Nigeria. It's an example of the difficulties that develop in communications between Africa and the West.

Miss Foluka Ademoyo was Nigeria's delegate to the *New York Herald Tribune* Youth Forum. A news story with pictures was published in Nigeria telling of her eating hot dogs in New York.

"Nefarious!" said the local newspaper. "Dog eating is regarded with contempt in Nigeria. What will the parents and friends of Foluka feel! This is scandalous news."

For four or five days, the battle raged in several Nigerian newspapers. Finally the United States Information Service persuaded the press that no discourtesy had been shown Foluka, that "hot dogs" were not dogs but wieners, an internationally approved food. The Information Service threw a "hot dog" party and canned wieners and specially made rolls, with all the relishes, were served.

Miss Ademoyo, when she returned, was asked what America had to contribute to the world. She answered, "A sense of responsibility."

The "Hot Dog Embroglio" started with travel—a form of communications—for an African girl. It resulted in one kind of news report from America that produced another kind of news report in Nigeria. And it ended with a party where people communicated face to face and were able to laugh together.

The chain reaction of communications can be illustrated by another story about Africa and America.

In October, 1947, *Life* magazine printed a short account of the work of Dr. Albert Schweitzer at Lambaréné, French Equatorial Africa. A thirty-seven-year-old man read it on his 210,000 acre ranch in Arizona. A few months later, William Larimer Mellon, Jr., sold his ranch. He and his wife went to New Orleans. He took fifteen months of intensive pre-medical training work and then entered Tulane's four-year medical course. His wife worked as a laboratory technician and nurse. Completing medical school, Dr. Mellon finished a residency and a surgical internship. In June, 1956, the Mellons opened a large, modern hospital, built with their own funds, in the needy Artibonite valley of Haiti. With Dr. Schweitzer's permission, it is named Hôpital Albert Schweitzer. Dr. Mellon had not heard

Schweitzer's name until he read it in *Life*. Africa, by way of the press, had thus communicated with the needy people of Haiti.

Long knowing the power of print, Christian missions were among the first publishers in almost every part of Africa. They led the way in helping Africans put their languages into writing. The first African language news sheets were established by missions. Some are now seventy or eighty years old, dating from the earliest years of the missions' work. As in education, medicine, agriculture, and manual training, so in publishing Christian missions from the West were pioneers in almost every part of Africa south of the Sahara. And practically all the Africans in that area now engaged in publishing have had education and training in Christian mission schools.

A great power is growing in Africa: the Press.

THE DRUM CALLS: WE ARE COMING, WE ARE COMING.
OUR PEOPLE; WE ARE COMING, WE ARE COMING.
—AFRICAN PROVERB

9. Radio and Films

The "talking" drum was early a communicator in Africa. Through all the great forests, up and down the rivers, across the plains, the beaten drum bore its tidings. It does so today, tying the past to the hastening present. But other means now carry the heavier load of communication.

Radio Leopoldville is heard around the world. So is Radio Brazzaville, only a mile away across the lower Congo River's Stanley Pool.

It was at Brazzaville fifteen years ago that Felix Éboué, governor-general of French Equatorial Africa, met with Charles De Gaulle and other Frenchmen, white and black, to rally Africa against the sweep of Nazis and Fascists in Africa and Europe. Éboué, the first black governor-general in French Africa, joined with his white-skinned fellow Frenchmen on the soil of middle Africa, and the pact of union was born. Its communication by radio to the world marked a turning point in World War II and a decisive step in Africa's self-government.

When World War I ended in 1918, six weeks passed before the news reached us on the banks of the Momboyo River in the Belgian Congo. Today news from every part of the globe reaches nearly every part of Africa in minutes or at most hours. Africans have taken radio in their stride and are using it.

"Africans run this show," we were told by Dick Sapsied, of

he African Service of the Federal Broadcasting Corporation in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. "They are the voices on the air. The vernacular programs are in their hands. We are only the teachers."

Visiting the corporation's new studios in Lusaka, we learned that its broadcasts are heard over approximately 450,000 radios in the Federation alone. Sixty-two news bulletins a week are sent out in nine languages. In the evening, every day of the year, religious music and thoughts are transmitted, again in nine languages. Other programs include debates, interviews, forums, drama, and music.

We met Alick Nkhata, whose specialty is music production, and Sylvester Massiye, who writes and produces drama.

"Town music is overtaking country music now," Alick Nkhata told us. "When we started broadcasting, cowboy music was most popular. Youth in the towns listened. They started getting guitars and plucking them as they sang these cowboy songs rather than our traditional African ones.

"They developed a dance called 'Jimmy Rogers,' and African singers who go round in the villages are now called Jimmy Rogerses. But they're turning to traditional African music, using anjo, karimba, and drums."

"Missionaries discouraged traditional music and dances," Mr. Massiye continued, "and introduced *makwaya* (African adaptation of "choir") music, group singing with the tonic sol-fa method. This isn't as popular as it was, but the religious music which they brought is still much loved."

"Tsaba-tsaba, with body movements, came here from Basutoland and is popular. But my choice—" Alick Nkhata spoke emphatically— "is traditional, seven intervals.

"We now have the means of communication"



Stars of an African film are interviewed over the Dar-es-Salaam radio.

"The drums and smoke carried our messages in earlier days. Even in 1953, at the time of Queen Elizabeth II's coronation, we built a big fire on top of a high hill near here to let other people know we were joining the celebration for the coronation."

Since that time, the two men assured us, radio's voice has reached thousands of homes. "People even in the villages know about apartheid now." There was a pause. "And they know about Little Rock, U.S.A., too."

"Three years ago hospitals here were unpopular. People saw corpses being brought out and were afraid that's where they would die, too. So we ran a radio series telling of the good work done by hospitals."

"Radio has helped agriculture, too. We have agriculture shows, with prize winners telling how they raised their crops or their cows."

"Vast sums of money are being spent to improve rural areas with the hope that African men will be attracted back to the country. These improvements are made known to the people through publicity methods like radio."

"We go out in the villages and report on such things as new building programs. I stayed a month in one village," Mr. Massiye told us. "We built a watering place for cattle, a laundry provided with water, latrines, and other simple things. The health inspector joined us at one point and spoke from the scene on one of our regular broadcasts."

"Such programs inspire other villages. Their full impact is hard to assess but we have evidence of eager listening to any program that helps with the listener's problems."

We were reminded often in Africa of the precious value of water. We saw men, women and children carrying it long dis-

tances on heads, in ox carts, on bicycles. In one large city a soft-spoken, highly educated mother who championed co-operation with Westerners had difficulty suppressing her bitterness as she told us, "When a new European section of the city is opened water is laid on right away and piped into homes. But we still have to carry every drop we use, except what little we can catch when it rains."

The programming of the Federal Broadcasting Corporation is typical of the best in African radio. Men and women, African, European, Asian, Protestant, Catholic, Muslim, and pagan, work side by side on programs, equipment, and operations. Radio helps dispel ignorance and superstition. It helps overcome loneliness and isolation. It brings new ideas, new interests, new hopes, new visions of a life with more food and less hunger and illness. It encourages self-help. It carries messages of a God of love and of ways that love can be manifested among people.

The Protestant church lends personnel for religious programs. It advises and consults. Many, perhaps most, of the radio people in Africa are Christians, having been educated and trained in Christian schools. There is little or no opposition to religion being aired. In fact it is given prime time on many stations. Radio in all Africa carries religious allusions, religious overtones, religious fundamentals, Christian and Muslim and perhaps others, too.

But the Christian church, a pioneer in Africa in education and publication, is laggard on the air. At only one point in the whole of Africa is there a large, powerful, Christian-built and sponsored radio station and staff. It is ELWA on the Atlantic coast a few miles south of Monrovia, Liberia. Its broadcasts, powered by fifty thousand watts, can be heard on short wave through

Africa, Europe, the Middle East, the Americas, and much of the rest of the world. ELWA is the dream come true of a small group of dedicated evangelical, non-denominational Protestant missionaries, with the financial support of Christian men and women from many countries.

Women play an active role in African radio. We were surprised to find so many at the microphone—women who in the old Africa would have had to stay strictly at home and do their talking in their own compound or market place. We visited with numbers of them in Rhodesia, Kenya, Uganda, Nigeria, Ghana, Liberia, and Sierra Leone. Some were giving full time; some were housewives with families, doing regular weekly programs in which they visited with other housewives about cooking, sewing, basketry, child care, cleanliness, simple first aid for accidents and illness. Some were young women on the air every day, singing, telling folk tales and stories from all lands, acting, conducting children's or youth programs. Several had religious programs; most of them wove the spiritual into all their programs as is their African custom. One or two were doing newscasts.

We listened to radio in many homes, African and European. We watched groups gathered around radio "boxes" in market places and town squares, dancing or listening to news—home news about their cattle and their farms, news from afar about Cairo and Washington and Moscow and Peking.

In Nyasaland we were told of a European agricultural officer who heard that an old African was spreading news that the rains would be late. The European journeyed far to interview the old African prophet. "How do you know the rains will be late?" the European inquired. "Why," the prophet said, "I heard it on the radio."

There is little training available yet in Africa for the techniques of broadcasting except in the studios themselves. Many African men and women are seeking scholarships to go abroad to study. There are pleas for the new universities to include courses in radio communications.

Lack of observation and knowledge limits our comments about the influence of motion pictures in Africa.

Educational films are being introduced into school use more and more. As is still true in many parts of America, there is a lack of projection equipment, and films are not always easily accessible. Museums and government education departments are beginning to offer film services. Missions are increasingly using visual aids. The United States Information Service and the information services of other nations are providing films. Africans, in their hunger for education, will make good use of all these resources. More of them are needed—and also needed are funds and personnel to introduce educational television in Africa.

Entertainment motion pictures are fast being woven into the pattern of African life. Many people charge that they are a factor of violent disturbance.

"Now with cinemas and night clubs all the purity of Africa is lost," we were told by one distinguished African college professor.

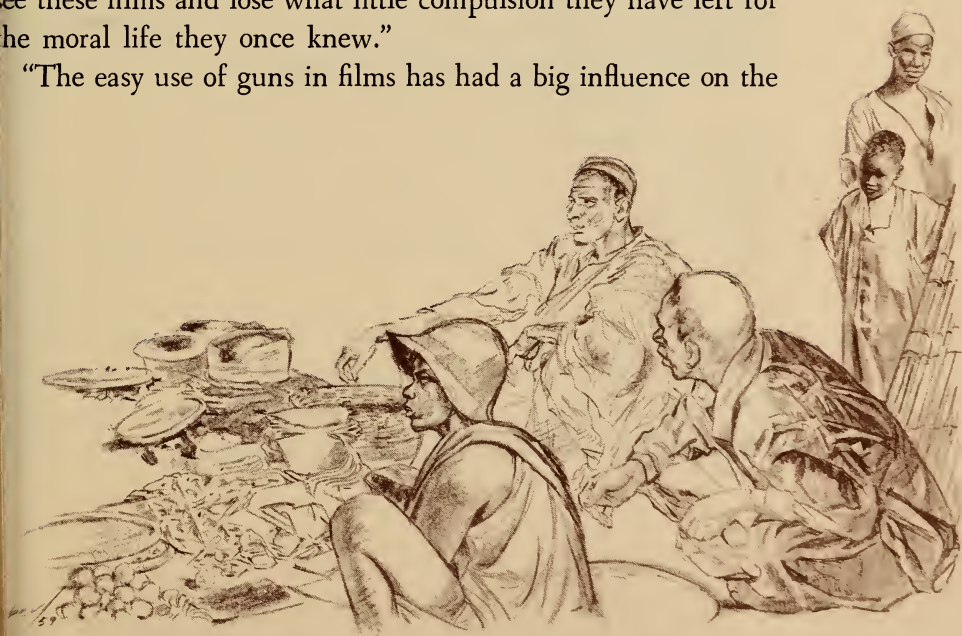
A Westerner can't be proud of the melodramatic and lewd billings outside many African movie houses, knowing that practically all the films come from our lands. America should choose more carefully the films it exports; it makes too generous an offering of "shooting Westerns." In some parts of Africa we found parents welcoming an early curfew as help in restraining the children from going to the movies.

In cities, chiefly in higher-priced theaters, we saw billed some of the best films from the West. And in the mission station near Kisumu, Kenya, there was rejoicing because *African Lion* and *The Gentle Persuasion* had played.

There is no doubt of the power of films as a medium of communications to and from Africa. The question is how the West will use the power it holds as the chief producer and distributor of motion pictures. The temptation is to make money by appealing to the emotions that are easily stirred in mankind everywhere. In the disturbed state in which Africa is today, especially in towns and cities where family life is so greatly disrupted, the highly emotional films provide an escape and an outlet for people who scarcely know what to do next. But when they come out from seeing such films what will they do next?

"Triangle love affairs are made glamorous on the screen," one African said to us. "Men and women, far from home, loose in a big city, beyond constant reminder of the control of the spirits, see these films and lose what little compulsion they have left for the moral life they once knew."

"The easy use of guns in films has had a big influence on the



increase of house breaking and thieving, street holdups, brawls, and disorder," another friend told us.

This battle of the films is not limited to Africa. Producers are dependent on box office receipts. The way to register one's vote for good pictures is to see them.

But motion picture distributors are world citizens with a responsibility, too. They share heavily the responsibility for the kind of a world we mold for ourselves and our children to live in. They have a special opportunity to influence Africa at a time when it is deciding which way it will go. Films can help Africa greatly in creating understanding of the best from the West. And if African masses are offered and understand the best from the West, there is hope that Africa's best will be called forth.

Radio and films form a mighty link, a link between the peoples of the widely scattered sections of Africa itself; a link with the world, the whole world with all its clashing ideologies. Radio and films will transmit ideas, disturbing ideas, challenging ideas. Africa will listen and watch.

From what Africa hears and what it sees and what it experiences in its daily living, Africa will choose.

10. *The Value of Art*

Kilimanjaro, snow-capped, rises higher than any other bit of earth in Africa. Kibo, its peak, is 19,340 feet above sea level. Below are the Serengeti plains, rich with animal life and marked with the farming plots of Africans and the estates of European settlers. It is the beloved area of Sam J. Ntiro.

Sam Ntiro is acting as head of the School of Fine Art, University College of East Africa, at Makerere. The University College is the institution of highest academic level in the over one million square miles of eastern Africa. Few of its 30 million people can read as yet. But their sight is unexcelled, and Mr. Ntiro is a leading contributor to one aspect of sight communication, art. The art school at Makerere has attracted more than a score of young Africans who seek its two year course certificate, or its diploma for four years of successful study.

Art is important anywhere as a means of communication, but it has a special value in a pre-literate society. When a great host of aspiring people moves toward literacy, art helps them both to preserve the heritage that is theirs and to communicate in the present.

Mr. Ntiro is an artist of renown as well as a lecturer at Makerere. As we talked with him there, with examples of his and his pupils' work all about us, it was hard to imagine him asking, "Why should grown men waste their time doing such things as

painting? As everyone knows, real pictures come out of machines."

But he did ask that question, a few years ago, and thus attracted the attention of Mrs. Margaret Trowell, founder of Makerere's School of Fine Art. She showed him that pictures in books, even though mechanically reproduced, originated in a human mind and had been put on paper by a human hand. This insight led him to study art at Makerere and in England. He painted scenes from the life he had experienced and loved on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. Eventually, his work was brought together in exhibits at home and overseas, attracting attention for its quality of communicating something words could never say about Africa.

Gregory Maloba is a sculptor colleague of Mr. Ntiro. He first came to Makerere from Kenya after the wife of the territory's governor had written Mrs. Trowell, telling how his clay copies of Victorian plaster saints had a power of their own. Like the other men at the school, his art was not complicated by preconceived ideas of art's expressions. The men simply drew and carved and shaped. One of them, a hospital dresser, once stood in awe of what he had formed, and said, "It could not have been my hand that made that beautiful thing!"

Gregory Maloba was set at carving, but skill was lacking. One day an Akamba tribesman from Kenya, bringing his stock of small carved figures of animals and people to Kampala to sell, was persuaded to work with the student for a part of one day. When that day was done, Gregory Maloba had all the technical training he was to get before he went, years later, to Bath Academy of Art in Wiltshire, England.

On another occasion, he chanced on an illustrated book about

Jacob Epstein, the great sculptor. When he saw pictures of Epstein's work, a new vista opened for him. "I never knew you could say ideas like this," he burst out. "I thought you could only say people!"

Thus, through Makerere, men have learned how to communicate in art and to teach others. Their work, in Mrs. Trowell's words, is intended to "teach the Christian message and to give glory to God through paint and stone."

At Cyrene Mission, near Bulawayo in Southern Rhodesia, Anglican missionaries over the years have given snug home to physically handicapped Africans. At the same time, they have encouraged them to find self-expression in art. The results have been music, verse, illuminated pages and scrolls, leather work, carvings, sculptured wood and stone, etchings, and paintings varying in size from post cards to murals.

We saw an interesting art department at Munali secondary school out from Lusaka in Northern Rhodesia. The several hundred boys are taught by a faculty of Africans and Europeans. A gaily painted veranda welcomes visitors to the art room and inside we met the teacher, Mr. Mubanga, who gave us a delightful commentary on the work of his pupils. Intriguing patterns were on the walls, blending the old and new in paintings of life in today's Africa.

One picture showed an African orator using a microphone at a big rally, evidently political, and standing in front of a large placard reading "Africa for the Africans." Bicycles were pictured tacked in great quantity around the gate of the plaza where the crowd had assembled. Other paintings included not only modern scenes and ideas but also pictures of witch doctors and medicine men.

Across the continent west is Achimota, that pioneer institution of higher learning in Ghana. Its art department pulsates with the eagerness of its young men and women to learn and do. Kofi Antubam is the Senior Art Master.

"One of our basic desires," he said to us as we stood in the school art gallery that he has established at Achimota, "is to restore knowledge of Ghanaian early art."

On the blackboard in the classroom to which he led us were ancient proverbs of the land. "It is with fish that fish are caught." "No corpse declines entrance into the grave." "The end of a long journey is at the door of the house." "Death does not end where it occurs."

Twenty-five or thirty students were at work trying to express in painting an idea communicated to them by the words.

"I have made a study of Ghana's traditional symbols," Mr. Antubam said as he showed us some that he had collected. We remarked at one that resembled the ancient formée cross and he responded, "Why didn't the early missionaries adapt and use these symbols and give them Christian significance instead of frowning on them as pagan? There are mystic conceptions in them that could have helped people understand Christ, and could have drawn them near to God. These communicated in a way our people understand. By discouraging them, the development of the African's own creative art was halted, and perhaps his acceptance of Christianity slowed.

"Then take our textiles." By now we were looking at designs ancient and modern, which are woven into cloth there on hand looms and in Manchester, England, on machines. "Our *kente*¹ cloth, used in the traditional garb of both men and women, is

¹ Pronounced *ken-teh*.



This painter's picture of a market scene is typical of popular art in Africa.

Tradition shapes the designs in this woman's weaving and on the walls around her doorway.



*"At heart
much old remains"*

rich in abstract patterns all of which are based on spiritual symbolism. And our *adinkera*¹ cloth, used for funerals, is significant. Its very name means 'saying goodbye.'

"Fortunately, in our nascent country, most of the forces today are showing respect for the traditional art, while seeking to develop an approach that will help us use the new influences to evolve our greatest contribution not only to the future of our own country but to the world."

"Fortunately!" Fortunately Western forces are gaining respect for the African art they are accused of so greatly disturbing in their early contacts. Years have added the help of archeologists, anthropologists, and geologists. The early missionaries, now charged with halting the creative communications of Africans, had little such help. They faced uncharted lands and rivers, unknown and unwritten languages, unutterable cruelties bearing unhappily on the people to whom they had come to bring Christ's love. How could they fully and immediately discern? For the early missionary, lacking both time and a broad enough knowledge of Africa, the only safe thing to do seemed to be to supplant the pagan with the Christian. In the supplanting, some of the good in the pagan was undoubtedly suppressed. But these early missionaries established work that has led to education, to respect for the individual, and thus to freedom for today's nations. Now, with knowledge and help on all sides, missionaries must help reclaim and restore the good in the old and blend it with the best in the new. Many are now doing it.

"Do Not Dig," a missionary titles a semi-scientific article about the rock paintings at Mpunzi, Nyasaland. Her article shows that the staff of the Dutch Reformed Church mission, in whose gar-

¹ Pronounced *ah-dink-er-ah*.

lens some of the rock paintings were first found, is as excited as are historians and museum curators about the story written in art on the faces of over-hanging rocks. "Do not dig" is advised because uncovering the story is a highly skilled business.

Wall patterns on the Hima huts in Uganda have stirred interest also. Margaret Trowell first drew attention to these symbolic patterns in black and white mud on the interior of a hut.

Various forms of art have different appeals. We were shocked one night in Nelspruit. All day we had been in South Africa's Kruger National Park, watching hundreds of animals in the beauty of their natural habitat. On the way back to our hotel, we stopped to greet friends at the Assembly of God mission. They showed us their magnificent modern press, which was rolling off in rubberized sheets of paper a charted series of "The Heart of Man." Brilliantly colored pictures with little text showed gruesome animals coming up into the heart of a figure of a man. In picture after picture, the sharp-fanged animals gnawed and struggled. Horrible! Then gradually, as one turned the chart's pages, gentler animals and birds took their place, finally possessing the man's heart. Then he had peace. The love of Christ replacing the horrors of sin. But, we thought, what pictures to show to Africans!

As we traveled onward through Africa, however, we heard that these charts, translated into ten languages, outsold others. Many Africans seemingly could understand sin and the love of Christ when they saw the pictures.

In Johannesburg we found Hall Duncan, a young American trained as an editorial cartoonist and with advertising experience, working on the production of literature for the Methodist mission.





"What do Africans see when they look at a printed page?" is the question plaguing Mr. Duncan. He has found that some Africans have had little or no experience in "seeing" pictures. Depth, on a flat surface, was difficult to discern; perspective was not clear; emphases were distorted. Western pictures often convey ideas contrary to the message intended. For example, a picture of a healthy young African in a loin cloth was seen by one person as that of an elderly man because the dress was like that of his ancestors. To another viewer that same picture was a sick man because the lines drawn to represent muscles were thought to be recently-healed scars from incisions by a witch doctor.

Mr. Duncan's experience indicates the need for adequately supported research in the use of creative art forms that communicate effectively to Africans.

In Nigeria, where sculpture is considered by many to be African art at its best, ancient works of art cannot be taken out of the country without permission. Our visit to the museum in Lagos demonstrated to us how inextricably art was tied to the daily life of the people and how closely that daily life was linked to the spirit world. The intermingling of the spiritual in all of life is part of Africa's heritage. Westerners need to reflect on it for the achievements of their secular societies may lack the spiritual wisdom needed to use the achievements for good.

The place of art in African history can be explored in the Belgian Congo, among the Bakuba people, the one remaining ancient kingdom of that area. Their proud record is handed down through art and the spoken word. The song of the kings, generation by generation, is sung by the wives of the current king or recounted by his courtiers.

In addition to this vocal record is the cherished and careful



guarded collection of busts of the kings of the Bakuba, carved from wood. Each king in his turn had also to leave a new art design to bear his name through the ages. This was carved on doorposts, woven into grass cloth, molded into clay pots, and worked into the iron of knives and spears and into the leather of their sheaths.

At Brazzaville, an interesting art form has become a very popular tourist item. Gay flamboyant colors are painted in a splashing fashion on black and various colors of art paper. The slender lines of the drawings show African hunters, dancers, animals, birds, flowers, canoes, and drums. The pictures are being drawn by an increasing number of Africans, and salesmen sell them everywhere.

Across the river at Leopoldville, an art school and museum give encouragement to African artists. It is the purpose of this school to let the African evolve his own art. Scenes from African life as well as abstractions are produced by painters and sculptors.

Ivory carving is part of creative Africa. Like work in iron, bronze, and copper, it is one of the truly indigenous gifts of a group of skilled craftsmen. It has become an industry. To supply the rapidly increasing tourist trade, quality of carving is sometimes sacrificed for quantity. Lamps, vases, bookends, animals, inlay in wooden trays, and all sorts of figurines are produced. The figurines portraying the life of the African people are often delicate and intricate carvings. One can find the drummer, the dancer, the blacksmith, the housewife pounding her cassava, the hunter and his game, and other representations of traditional life.

Art is too powerful a communicator to be neglected. Today no one who seeks to serve Africa will pass lightly over her art.

Art can penetrate spirit. Art can be evangel.



11. Person to Person

Much of the epochal change in Africa today seems to be expressed in new organizations, political formulations, economic planning, scientific analyses, and pilot projects. Only in a subordinate way is mention made of the most important element in the change—the African himself.

Societies consist of individual human beings. When plans and projects affecting a society are not built on the understanding, approval, and support of the society's members, failure and bitterness will be the outcome.

The swift and sweeping changes in Africa are straining its people. Dr. Glenn Tuttle has spent thirty years in the Belgian Congo. He and his colleagues have founded the highly respected Institut Médical Évangélique at Kimpese, in which six missions participate. Dr. Tuttle told us he never saw a single case of hypertension in his first nine years of medical service in Africa. They are no longer unusual. Mental and nervous difficulties, cerebral hemorrhages, and similar ailments reveal Western-induced tensions. There is such pressure for quick action. Such ignorance of reasons. Such difference of background and customs—and of color. Why should *color* make such a difference? To Africans, racial discrimination makes no sense; it creates uncertainty, which can lead to insecurity, fear, and hate.

Words from the West have strange meanings. "Boy," for ex-

ample. A Westerner touches his son and says proudly, "He's my boy." But then he shouts to an African man, "Boy!"—and that means something else. A Britisher's admiration grew for one of his senior African employees. One day, as they met, the European impulsively grasped the arm of the African and said, "How are you, old boy?" The African controlled his tongue and walked away, wounded and angry. A warming friendship was chilled.

Automobiles have rendered much service in Africa but some disservice also. Missionaries and government officials, when they walked the forests and plains of Africa, got to know people, their villages, their children, their houses and gardens, their problems. "Now," said an African village head whom we visited in Angola, "no matter how low the sun is when the European's work is done, his car will get him home by night. He used to spend nights with us and we talked long. But that doesn't often happen now."

Good person to person relations are being encouraged by a new hotel in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia. It was built with money supplied by corporate and personal interests representing much of the country's industry and wealth. Named the Ridgeway, it is an ultra-modern hotel of beauty and comfort, a contribution in itself. But even more important, the hotel is open to all members of the community. It is a pioneer. The same interests have built a second, less expensive hotel in Lusaka and a third one, modern and striking, in Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia. Both of these are also interracial. Eric Hall, the general manager for all three, his wife, and his experienced staff have met problems. The hotels are perhaps not yet paying a return on the investment, but they have the only framework on which a stable society in the Federation can be built, enriched, and enlarged: interracial confidence, co-operation, and partnership.



Sampson Chidakwa is head cook at the Ridgeway. He had three years of classroom education, is married, has four children. His father was a chef in the Union of South Africa, where, at twenty-eight years of age, Sampson began to learn cooking. He worked at Meikle's Hotel in Salisbury from 1941 to 1949, as head cook from 1945. In 1953, as the Ridgeway was being built, he came there and in a year was head cook. When the Jameson Hotel was built in Salisbury in 1958, Mr. Chidakwa went down in a private plane with Mr. Hall for a week's intensive work with the new staff and equipment. They worked twelve to sixteen hours a day. The opening came off beautifully, the new staff functioning almost like a veteran team, whites and blacks all doing their interdependent jobs. The night the two of them climbed into the plane to be flown back to Lusaka, Hall took Chidakwa's hand and said, "Sampson, without you and your knowledge, ability, and good sense, that hotel couldn't have been opened. I thank you, with warm gratitude."

At the Ridgeway we entertained Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Chileshe at lunch. Mr. Chileshe is a member of the Legislative Council

of Northern Rhodesia. Mrs. Chileshe has been active in Girl Guide work for twenty years and gives every Thursday to the Women's Society of her Methodist church. She was the first African woman in Lusaka to get a driver's license. She manages their two general stores when her husband is busy in government, and of their nine children (one studying in London, three at boarding schools in Africa, five still at home) says, "Oh, they're no trouble at all."

From a table close by, a white couple looked often at our foursome. We finished, saw our guests to their car, and came back to the hotel veranda. The couple approached us and the man said, "Please pardon me. May we ask a question? We're just up here from the Union. We couldn't help noticing you had Africans at lunch. We've never seen that. We were very much surprised. Have you done this before? Who were your guests? How do they react to a thing like this? It's all very unusual to us, and astonishing. We are not meaning to blame you in any way. But we felt we must speak with you of it and learn how it came about."

We talked for ten minutes or so. They expressed surprise at Mr. and Mrs. Chileshe's interests and responsibilities and remarked that they had seemed very well-mannered. They hadn't known of the three hotels' courageous interracial policy. Nor had they known that to the north, east, and west throughout Africa, many hotels are now receiving guests regardless of color. We had a feeling that their surprise was genuine, that they just never before had thought it possible that people of the two races could eat together at the same table or even in the same dining room.

At Bolenge, where the Congo River crosses the equator a second time, and where our family lived and worked for ten years,

*"We haven't the capital
and the connections"*



Women like these in Ruanda-Urundi carry on much of Africa's market trade.

Have you tasted the exciting
flavors of African life and
culture?

PATRONIZED BY

H.R.H. THE DUKE

OF CONNAUGHT.

SOUVENIR PACKETS

SIX REAL PHOTOGRAPHS EACH
IN COVERS

STURE POSTCARD

PHOTO AND SURROUNDING
INSTRUCTS OBTAINABLE

His shop's signs indicate the many services of this Freetown photographer.

we visited with many old and dear friends. Among them was John Inkima who, as a young man fifty-three years ago, was encouraged by his missionary engineer teacher to begin service on the Congo Balolo Mission's river steamer *Livingstone*. Later he became engineer of the steamer *Oregon* of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission. For his last twenty years of active service he was captain of the vessel, which Africans called *Nsango ea Ndoci*, or *Good News*.

In those days of deep forests and no roads, nearly all the mission stations in that part of the Congo were on rivers. Captain John took his steamer thousands of miles on the Congo and the Ubangi and their tributaries with never a disabling accident. In the hundreds of river villages, the deep, three-toned whistle of the *Nsango ea Ndoci* and the tall lean figure of the ship's *Kapitengi* were well and affectionately known. Every morning at daybreak, before casting off, song and prayer were offered for crew and villagers. Every night, when the ship was safely tied to shore, fires banked, wood loaded for next day's steam, and watchman posted, prayer and thanksgiving were given for the day done and the rest to come. But John did not often rest until he had gone ashore to talk more with the village people about the good news that the *Nsango ea Ndoci* carried.

Decorated by the Belgian government and pensioned after fifty-one years of service, John Inkima has been a pioneer in the new Africa. He and his wife, Rose Elumbo, are examples of the good in persons. Their communications, persons to persons, have been remarkable.

In Salisbury the Murambiwa brothers gradually built a good store business under the trade name, Machipisa. Bit by bit they added new lines of stock. They built a large, modern building

themselves. When we were there the stock numbered hundreds of items, well displayed. Among them were Lyons tea, Lux, Surf, Nescafe, and corn flakes. There were a dressmaking department for made-to-measure orders, soft goods of many kinds, sewing machines and spare parts. We bought a well-cooled "coke" from a vending machine. The clerks, African men and women, were smiling and deft.

But we learned that the brothers were reorganizing their whole sales system. Some time before, they had introduced the self-service method—the first self-service store in the whole Federation, we were told. People thronged it at first, then trade lessened, customers dropped off, sales declined, profits nearly ceased.

The owners had to be their own efficiency experts and sales analysts. They decided their customers didn't like self-service. When they came to the store the customers liked to look at the cloth and feel it, and then they wanted to talk with someone about it and about other things as well. "Is it really good cloth? Did you see the fighting last night? Will the color truly not fade? Masatacha's wife had a baby, you know."

They wanted not only the store's goods. They wanted companionship. The traditional African market is a place where you buy and sell, of course. But you also talk and see friends and their babies, and learn all the news, hear about the crops, discuss the portents for the future. The self-service type of store didn't serve one's whole self.

Another feature was strongly against it, too. Some people had stuffed things in their pockets and left without paying. The proprietors decreed that all customers, as they entered, must turn their pockets inside out and leave them so until the check-out clerk was paid and passed.

So when we were there the brothers were putting back the folksy features of the general store, clerks, talk, and all. At one end of the store, however, a few hundred square feet were being left to self-service. Attendants were being trained; the public was to be educated. Self-service, it was hoped, could gradually be "sold," and another three-point Western formula established in an African community: greater volume at lower prices with greater profit.

In 1957 in the United States, income from services exceeded income from production for the first time. Services, Western style with African adaptations, are spreading throughout Africa also. Oliver Kabungo is one of the many Africans helping the process.

Mr. Kabungo was born in Northern Rhodesia and as a young boy went to the London Missionary Society's primary school at Mbereshi. Later he finished elementary school with the help of a correspondence course from a Johannesburg school. He completed an English course by correspondence with a London institute. He married, had two children, and established two successful stores in Northern Rhodesia with two assistants. Then in 1953 he decided that he needed to travel abroad. He sold his two stores, left his family well provided with money, went to Capetown, took a ship to Southampton, visited London, arrived in America. He knew nobody there.

Mr. Kabungo went to work for an oil company, then he got a job with more pay operating a machine for the American Can Company. For three and a half years he worked, keeping in close touch with family and friends in Northern Rhodesia, traveling a bit, attending evening high school classes.

He studied commercial and portrait photography, buying equipment piece by piece. He felt he must have a practical

course in bookkeeping and business management. Someone put him in touch with the Phelps-Stokes Fund in New York and the Fund and a friend made a grant for a semester's special work at Tuskegee Institute.

Oliver Kabungo is home in Ndola now, reunited with his family. Possessing some \$2,500 worth of equipment, he has opened a photographic studio. Business is good; he has a car and already needs a new and better building. And he has two more ideas of service: "I want to put on an exhibition of my pictures. And I want to go on a lecture tour, telling people how they can be successful—by hard work."

Trust is a key word in person to person relations in any society.

"He trusted me," said Bernard Ngila of the African village pastor who was the greatest motivating influence in his life. "My father had ten wives. Out of that home in the bush, I came right into the home of the pastor and his wife. They not only taught me to wear clothes, they taught me love and responsibility. They even gave me the keys to their house. They trusted me. I would have done anything for them. I wanted to be like them. They were my pattern."

Who can measure how much such trust had to do with the life of Bernard Ngila? Today he is the head teacher in the vocational school of the Institut Chrétien Congolais at Bolenge, where five Protestant missions have united forces for higher education.

Industrious, devoted to family and education, Bernard Ngila and his wife are carefully saving under the Belgian government housing plan to build a home in Coquilhatville. "There we can retire when we are older, and can have the family about us. We are trying to teach our children the important lesson of trust and responsibility."

All societies have tendencies to reject some of their members. Leprosy is a disease bringing rejection in every society in the world, including African.

Over the centuries, leprosy's victims have been helpless to improve their situation. Now, however, the sulphone and related drugs give promise of eventually bringing this disease under control. American Leprosy Missions in New York and the Mission to Lepers in London are co-operating wherever leprosy is found, treating the patients, ministering to their comfort, and seeking to eradicate the disease. At various times in Africa, we have visited many leprosaria and have always been touched by the devotion of those who serve and the gratitude of those served. This time it was at a leprosarium that a beautiful impression came to us of the effect of person on persons.

At Lambaréné, Dr. Schweitzer has built a leprosy village largely out of funds received from his Nobel Peace award. The nurse in charge when we were there was Trudi Bochsler. She and the doctor and their drugs had helped the patients physically, but it was the patients' spirits that moved us most. They were smiling, lively in conversation and gesture. Thirty of the younger ones in freshly laundered clothes, having had their medication for the day, were in Sunday school, singing, listening, saying Scripture verses. Older patients sat listening to the doctor, who had come from the hospital to worship with them.

The ground was cleanly swept, the growing trees well tended. There were flowers and well-placed shrubs. The houses, built to Dr. Schweitzer's own plan and under his careful supervision, were neat and litter-free.

Our hearts were warmed by the people around us. Their eyes were direct and friendly; almost none cast down or furtive. Even

most of those maimed by the disease gave the impression of looking straight out at the world, not shunning or shunned but sharing in the life around them.

Flashing constantly through the sun and shade of that village of three hundred souls was a slim, sixteen-year-old boy robbed by leprosy of the lower ten inches of his left leg. Without stick or crutch, he carried messages and medicine, calling greetings and pleasantries as he went. His slim body leaning always for balance a little to the right, he sped across ditches, over flowers, around house corners. And then with careful but lightning-calculated precision he would make the final thirty-inch leap to the dispensary door, his right shoulder against the jamb, his breathing rapid, but his spirit serene, another stint of happy service accomplished.

A little time before, a visiting orthopedic surgeon had done the necessary preparation and measurements, and had sent out the artificial limb that will presently be fitted to the footless leg. We shall never forget the leaping spirit in that serving boy, or the lesson his serving taught. From the physical imbalance of one leg, he had seemed to learn the law of spiritual strength: that one's own balance and power and spiritual strength come from constant moving in service of others.

12. *Music, Folklore, and Drama*

"When the moon counts there is rejoicing all through the night."

Anyone who has lived in an African village for a few months knows the sound of drums and song on moonlight nights. Africa is not Africa without it. Suppress song, rhythm, and dance, and something vital is suppressed in the African soul.

As we visited with Africans everywhere, they said to us:

"Music is part and parcel of our soul."

"We dance for sorrow, for joy, for anger."

"Music expresses our traditions and development."

The West has been accused of lack of appreciation of Africa's music. We were glad to see that some Westerners are now working with Africans to restore traditional music and folklore to an important place in African life.

In Kenya's Department of Community Development, a European has charge of music and drama. No African could appear more ardent in this field than is Graham Hyslop.

"I think I must be one of the luckiest people in the world," he told us. "I do as a job what I would do for the sheer joy of it if I didn't have to earn my own living."

Uganda sponsors a music research program, under the direction of its splendid museum, with some financial help from Britain's Colonial Development and Welfare Fund.

In Nigeria, Ghana, and Sierra Leone work in music, folklore, and drama seems largely dependent on the zeal of individuals, with the help of broadcasting corporations and educational institutions. One or two privately organized arts' councils are gaining support from the government and other sources. Some missionaries are working with Africans in their traditional arts of storytelling, dramatic presentations, rhythmic singing, and instrumental music.

Everywhere we went in Africa, people seemed to want to learn more about their heritage in music, folklore, and art.

"More young people know cowboy music than our own traditional songs," one radio broadcaster lamented. African pastors, choir directors, and youth workers felt that religious services could be enriched by adapting appropriate traditional drama and music to express the Christian message.

"For the first time tonight the theater was filled with voice," one commentator said about a performance of *Uncertain Meeting* in Nairobi. The cast had been chosen from the three main communities in Kenya—African, European, and Asian. The play was about Africans studying abroad.

"A great deal of work is being done in Kenya to establish a dramatic tradition that is rooted in the very soil of Africa. A really strong dramatic tradition is likely to emerge in Africa only if it represents and re-enacts the life of the community. Short courses are being held in different parts of Kenya to promote this kind of drama," Graham Hyslop told us. He also spoke with considerable feeling about the music that is sung and played in African churches.

"Hymns form the major part of music in worship," he said, "and in Kenya these are practically all borrowed from Europe and

America. Sometimes they are literal expressions of the thought patterns of the West in African words. When these words are set to Western tunes, more often than not the accents come on the wrong syllables.

"However there is growing awareness of the inadequacy of such hymns. The Swahili hymn book is being radically revised, and psalms and canticles are being set to African melodies. Not long ago a choir of African boys sang an anthem based on a traditional Turkana folk song in the Nairobi Cathedral."

Clear across the continent, an eminent African musician, Fela Sowande, agreed with Mr. Hyslop. Mr. Sowande, a Fellow of Trinity College of Music and of the Royal College of Organists, studied in England and has played in some of Europe's great cathedrals. Now the head of the music department of the Nigeria Broadcasting Corporation, he is dedicated to lifting African music in the world's respect. His *African Suite for Strings* has been recorded by the New Symphony Strings of London, with Trevor Harvey conducting. An African musician from another territory said of him, "Fela Sowande will be the first African giant in music. He will excite the world."

We asked Mr. Sowande about African use of Western hymns. "I have done several radio programs on the subject of preserving the tonal inflection of Yoruba words in our Yoruba church music," he told us. "In one such program I said that when we distort Yoruba words by the imposition of Western tunes, God must put his hands over his ears.

"Ludicrous mistakes are made just by wrong tonal inflections in translations. For example, *ogun* has six meanings in Yoruba. According to the inflection, it can mean war, inheritance, twenty, medicine, perspiration, or the name of a river. You may think

you are singing of your divine inheritance while you are really singing about your divine perspiration."

Relatively few Westerners are well acquainted with African music, its tonal background (using the five-note scale in many places), its melody, and its social significance. There are nursery rhymes and lullabies; songs to accompany the grinding of grain; hunting songs, which usually include a trumpet call answered by a chorus of shouts, with the tinkling bells of dogs interwoven in the music. The African sings courtship songs, praise for a hero in battle, canoe songs, and songs of the path.

In addition to the drum, the flute, the zither, and the xylophone are important instruments in Africa's music. Many Africans feel that these instruments could be used in worship, and that there are African songs of praise and thanksgiving that would be meaningful in church services.

One of the best expressions of the richness of Africa's music can be found at the Museum of Uganda. The institution is recording the folk music of its area, picturing on a map the dif-



ferent styles, attitudes, and formations of Uganda folk dances, and sponsoring an illustrated history of tribal music.

We have already mentioned the desire of some people in Ghana to revive interest in traditional art. The desire is personified by a young woman named Efua Sutherland.

Mrs. Sutherland, a Fante from Cape Coast, Ghana, is the wife of Bill Sutherland, who came from New Jersey, U.S.A., to work in Ghana's Ministry of Finance. She is afire with interest in collecting, preserving, and developing literature of Ghana origin and culture. She is also working to develop the theater in Ghana.

"As a school teacher I used to be nearly frantic because all our books for children were Western, about things foreign to African children," she explained to us. "We needed our own folklore about our animals and fire and water and forest—things our children would understand."

A short time ago, encouraged by friends with kindred impulses and by one of the ambassadors to Ghana, Mrs. Sutherland gave up teaching school to devote all her time—excepting that required to be a wife and the mother of three children—to research and develop programs in folklore and literature and the related field of drama. A plan was drawn up, a society of writers formed, and a drama group organized.

"Manuscripts are coming in from all over the country," she said. "Now that people are hearing about our work through newspaper and radio they are sending folk tales, nursery rhymes, and children's games and songs. All we need now is money to get them published."

"Drama is not in our tradition," Mrs. Sutherland told us. "But there are dramatic folklore tales and we're developing them into good theater. The storyteller becomes the narrator, her audience

"We dance for sorrow, for joy, for anger"



Dancing and drumming entertain West Africa villagers at the end of the day.

the chorus. We searched until we found a group of women who are professional storytellers. For example, they entertain at vigils for the dead. I persuaded them to teach me the art of storytelling. Now I have cast them in our first theatrical attempt. For the rest of the cast I went to shops, schools, and churches to find people interested and willing to give time. We have a group of thirty and they practice every day from 4:30 to 7 P.M. It is a labor of love."

A kindred spirit is that of John J. Akar, the young and talented assistant director of the Sierra Leone Broadcasting Service. While visiting in the United States, Mr. Akar had acted on Broadway, in New York television, and in Hollywood productions. But his passion now is to develop drama in his native Sierra Leone. Regarding a very successful production in Freetown of *Tobias and the Angel* by the Sierra Leone Players, which he founded, Mr. Akar said, "I chose that particular play because it has a timeless religious theme. I believe it was the first play to have a mixed cast, African and European, in Sierra Leone."

Mr. Akar hopes to encourage Africans to write plays with themes taken from folklore. He has in mind the formation of an African lyric theater that could present African folk dances and drama. Through the Sierra Leone Broadcasting Service and as part of his interest in the development of the arts in Africa, Mr. Akar is encouraging young African writers, storytellers, and musicians.

Philip Gbeho, composer of Ghana's national anthem, directs the music department of historic Achimota school. Achimota's coat of arms, a segment of a piano keyboard, expresses visually what one of her most famous sons, James Emman Kwegyir Aggrey, put into words that have new meaning in the new

nation: "For harmony one must use both the white and the black keys."

Mr. Gbeho told us, "I respect good music from all the world. But today I have a passionate desire to restore and keep and develop all the beautiful in our African culture."

Mr. Gbeho, an Ewe, comes from a family of drummers. "Some of our family were obliged to gather outside our home village so they could drum to their hearts' content," he told us one day as we sat in his office, piled high with papers and music scores and instruments. "Those who stayed in the village became dancers. Those who went away and got an education became organists. I was one of these." And he recalled his years at Trinity College of Music in London.

"But why, why, why if you danced were you excommunicated from the church that missionaries brought here? My parents were pagan but they were the most religious people I have ever known. They taught me the ten commandments before I ever saw a white man. For a man to be ashamed of himself was death. They said dancing was good. The church said it was wrong. We got all confused. We danced for joy, for sorrow, for anger, and for worship. It is a form of art. When my wife died my father-in-law came and took me to dance. I danced for deep sorrow.

"Much of this culture could have been incorporated into the church," Mr. Gbeho said. "Certain aspects can be combined. I say to the church, 'Seize these. Use them. They are prayer.'"

His words reminded us of an African pastor who explained that, "Our people don't like to sit still and silent, listening to someone talk or preach for an hour. They want to put in their own ideas, to express themselves. And they don't especially care for someone to pray to God for them. They want to pray to him

themselves. Three or four praying to God at the same time, that's not disorder in my people's minds. Each is praying to his God, not for the ears of others but for God. That's all right. God sorts it all out and hears clearly.

"My people don't like always to sit in pews and sing hymns. They want to stand up and move about and sway a little and swing a bit and lift a foot."

He rose in his clerical garb and, with a delightful smile, swayed gently and gracefully moved his arms and legs and torso. "We like to do *so*, and when the Europeans are not there that's the way we do." There was a twinkle in the eyes of this man who is one of the most respected pastors in a denomination rather more formal than others in its worship. "You see," he said, "we want to participate."

We knew what he meant. We remembered Christmas mornings years ago when we lived as missionaries on the Congo River. We would be awakened at dawn by African singing. Gradually it came nearer and nearer, from all directions, from paths and river, the river sounds mingled with the rhythmic beat of the drum and the paddles. We would get up and go out to meet the singers. And then came the Christmas offering. Marching, clapping, singing, every joyous soul laid his offering for the Christ child on the altar—francs, eggs, sugar cane, chickens, peanuts, vegetables, dried fish—all to be sold to help the needy in the name of the Christ. This was participation. We all were participating.

13. *The Power of an Idea*

Africa is disturbed, yes. But from disturbance comes good for man. Land is disturbed when it is ploughed, ore when it is dynamited, water when it plunges from height, man when a new idea hits him. When the new idea is great, so is the disturbance.

At the beginning of this book we said that the most pervasive and dynamic influence in modern Africa has been the Christian religion's emphasis on the power and responsibility of the individual.

Jesus' teaching of the priceless value of the individual is the basis for democracy in the West. The democratic system encouraged the growth of the Western culture that has so disturbed Africa in the last fifty years.

Westerners came to Africa for mixed motives, some selfish, some unselfish. They made the decisions on which industry, business, religion, education, science, political experiments, and communications have been developed in Africa.

Today, the African wants to—and will—make these decisions. He fears that the West would use Africa for Western purposes. He welcomes the West's ideas and methods, but he intends to choose from them what he wants to use for his purposes. The West's future relations with Africa depend on its willingness to accept this principle.

It is a principle as significant in the Christian church as it is in any other field.

Mia Brandel is a European anthropologist living in Africa. One of the first persons to make a study of urban women in South Africa, she has close friends among African women. One of them, a person of exceptional professional attainment, had been an ardent member of the Anglican church. In recent years, however, her ardor had waned.

The two friends were talking about religion one day when the African remarked, "We were not even allowed to be baptized under our own African names! I had to take an English name—Mary, Ruth, Elizabeth, or some other Bible name. Now how did those English women with their English names become saints? They didn't have to take Hebrew or Greek names! Why should I take an English name when I'm baptized? With an English name, if I ever became a saint, how would anybody know I was an African?"

This woman, proud of her identity as an African, was indignant because her church had asked her to comply with one of its long standing European rules.

An African child was reported to have said that the Bible begins with Genesis and ends with "Revolutions." The Bible is certainly revolutionary in Africa. If only more of its professing followers were, too. The Reverend John Gatu of Kenya wrote recently: "It is a blessing to live at a time of revolution like that in Kenya, but it is a curse if one fails to revolve with it."

Miss Brandel's friend is a highly educated person whom one would expect to be sensitive to the changes in Africa. But all through the continent are uneducated village people who also are moved by glimpses of the new life. For example, they miss

children gone to the cities, but in that very act of separation they feel participation in the new. They may doubt, hesitate, shrink, fear. But they also are participating, approving, hoping.

In the spring of 1913, five Americans took a three-months' foot journey along the northern boundary of Liberia and French Guinea, before the boundary itself had been surveyed and definitely fixed. Toward the end of our trip we came to the large mud-walled Loma town of Zorzor. There we were welcomed with the greatest hospitality because, the villagers told us, we were the first Westerners the town had seen.

Today, Zorzor is two hours by plane from Monrovia. We flew there in a small Cessna plane with William McKay of the United Lutheran Mission.

Landing at the Zorzor mission, we went on by jeep some twelve miles to Wozi, a little Loma town where there is a mission solely for language and literacy work.

Margaret Miller and Mr. and Mrs. William Gotwald invited five Africans in to visit with us. Two were Christians, three were not. Of the latter, Moluba Yoko was chief of the town. With the missionaries translating, we asked him what were the most important things he had learned.

"To pray to God. To have a corrugated iron roof." He hadn't such a roof yet but when he got the money, he'd call carpenters to build it. He thought cash brought many problems, that barter seemed simpler but, well, cash was better.

"Now we can sell food instead of giving it away. But anyone who is hungry can still have food free," he said.

"Even a stranger?" we asked.

"Yes, of course. Because when a man I don't know stands before me, then I know him."

So Moluba Yoko, chief of a small village and unlearned by Western standards, is contributing to the new in Africa. When the new stands before him, he knows it and aids it. He himself does not embrace it all. He may never have an iron roof or gain a formal education or profess a new religion. But it will be different with his sons.

The church in Africa is aware of the changes it has brought, and of the desire of Africans to take places of authority and responsibility. Frequently, however, it has seemed to lack the wisdom, sensitivity, and faith to give Africans positions of leadership.

In some places in the Roman Catholic Church, Africans appear to have been given more responsibility than has been awarded to Protestant Africans in neighboring churches. In such areas, there are more ordained African clergymen in the Roman Catholic churches than there are in the Protestant churches. Throughout Africa, more than twenty-five Africans are serving as bishops in the Catholic church.

But Africans, Roman Catholic and others, question Africans' real power in the Catholic church. Part of the reason is the more direct chain of command from the top that characterizes Roman Catholicism.

Complete control by Africans is found in a few Western-established Protestant churches. Representative of these are some of the older churches in Liberia, the Presbyterian church in Cameroun, and the Friends Yearly Meeting in Kenya. Then there are the "separatist" churches, some fourteen hundred of them in the Union of South Africa alone, organized by Africans partly out of reaction to white domination.

One African Protestant layman in central Africa, the president of a fraternal and social union of Christians in his city,

commented, "Africans carry the bricks and build, but missionaries control. Africans want to share."

We also heard criticism of what seemed a foreign, unnecessary, and undesirable division between "mission" and "church." "Mission" meant missionaries, who were usually white and foreign. The need for unity of mission and church and between missionaries and African Christians was stressed many times.

One African, after successive memberships in several Protestant denominations, told us he was now a Bahai and quite happy. "There are no divisions in Bahai." The divisions he referred to are chiefly those based on color.

One African leader is reported to have said, "If your Christian community centers unite people, we'll support you. If they divide, we'll oppose you with all our might."

The proud society of Sierra Leone has color and culture differences. We heard the problems discussed on the radio by a panel of Africans. "Churches and schools that are segregated are quite unacceptable in Sierra Leone," they said.

Our brief visit in twenty-one African areas gave us some eight hundred hours of talks with about two thousand Africans, singly and in small groups. These discussions, as they relate to the Christian church, may be thus summarized:

1. The Christian gospel has made a more fundamental contribution, earlier and more continuously, than any other power from the West.
2. The policies and practices of the Christian church, Protestant and Roman Catholic, led mostly by Westerners but also by Africans, have not always seemed wise and right. Sectarian and Western national divisions in the churches appear as weaknesses that are difficult for many Africans to understand.

3. Divisions between and within churches on color lines are not acceptable to Africans.

4. Africans desire wider participation in the planning and action of the Christian churches.

Almost every interview touched on the creative power of the Christian gospel, through education and demonstration, in building a new African society. Examples can be cited from the remarks of three older Africans from widely separated parts of Africa. One related it to education; one, to economics and Christian responsibility. The third spoke of a whole society in rapid change in his own lifetime.

The dean of the Bar Association in Lagos, Nigeria, is Al-Haij Jibril Martin, president of the Ahmadiya movement in Islam. This Muslim gentleman spoke highly of the quality of Western education brought to Africa by Christians and said that nearly all the Muslim youth in the area attend Christian-based schools. To prevent the loss of these students to Christianity, the Muslims are trying to establish their own schools. He said they were finding it difficult to do and thus to match the influence and extent of the education work done by Christians.

South in Nyasaland, near the Chileka airport, we met James Malinki, sixty-five-year-old Seventh Day Adventist pastor and the father of nine children. Mr. Malinki began teaching when he was ten years old and has been a teacher and pastor ever since in the Congo, Ruanda-Urundi, Rhodesia, and Nyasaland.

We sat down to visit in the small Monekera Shop and Canteen of his son-in-law, M. L. B. Kanyangami. While customers ate their lunches in an adjoining room, the father told us of his other children. All of them were contributing to the new economy and society of this small, attractive land.

Not far down the road, at a sizable Seventh Day Adventist school, we had seen several hundred large bags in piles of nine each, with a tenth bag, crosswise on the top. "What are they?" we asked. "Peanuts," was the reply. "And the bag on top?" "That is the tithe," came the answer quickly.

A tenth of everything for direct spiritual work is the initial, basic responsibility assumed by every individual Seventh Day Adventist. Thereafter the "giving" begins. We talked of tithing. Pastor Malinki and his fellow-members felt they had gained great strength through it.

As we said goodbye, we asked one final question.

"What do you find now the hardest thing in your Christian life?"

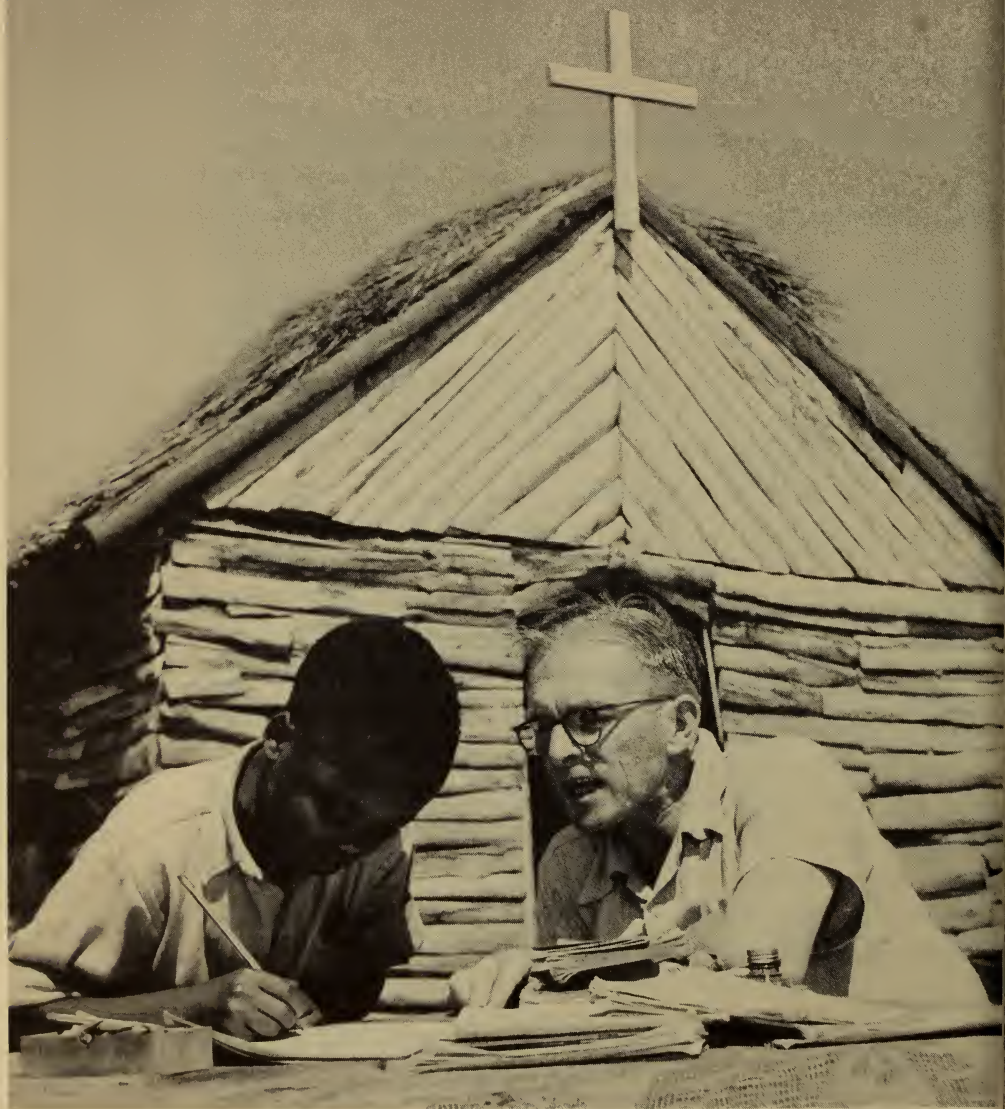
"I don't really find anything hard now," he answered.

Probably the oldest African we interviewed was Pastor Paul Kasonga, who came from Lubondai to Luluabourg with a missionary friend so that we might talk.

Paul Kasonga became a Christian in 1904. He married a year later. His wife had been a concubine of a European before their marriage, but became a Christian through the influence of another African woman. Their marriage had been long and happy in spite of the disappointment of having no children, nine being stillborn. Together they have served their church in responsible positions.

Pastor Kasonga's boyhood memories are of intertribal wars, of slave raids by Arabs and by Batetela, a neighboring tribe who had guns against his people's spears and arrows.

"My days are better than my father's," the kindly-faced African said. "Father told of wars and famine. It was like Joseph's time in Egypt. He told of eating human flesh in their days of



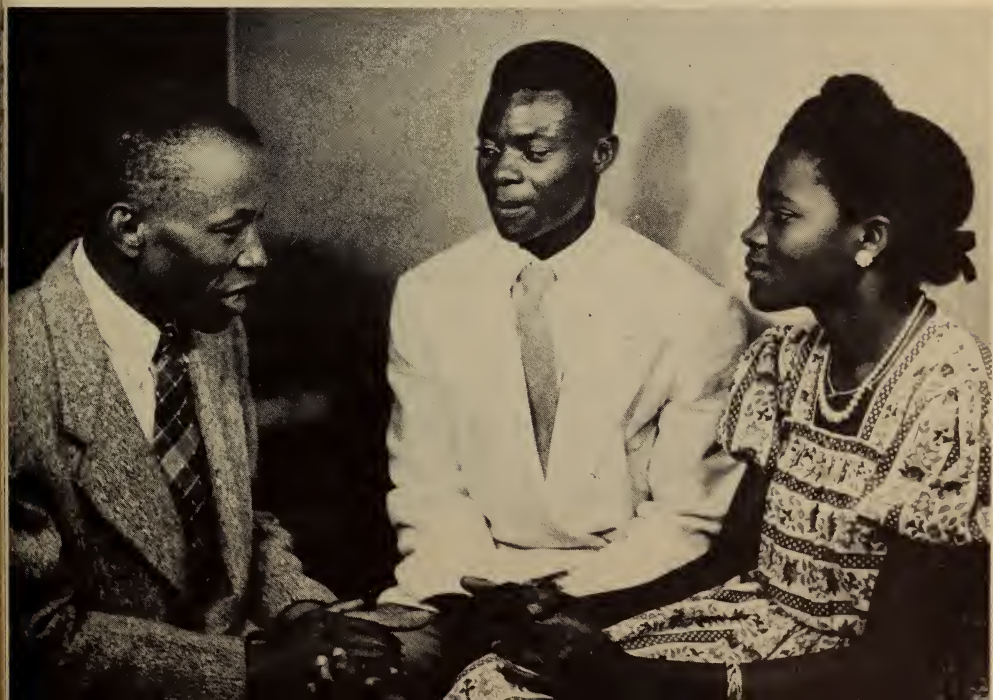
Alan Paton, South African author and teacher, helps a boy with his lessons.

"The church seeks to do more and more"



A small foot under his mother's elbow betrays a young student of hymnody.

A minister in Angola counsels a young man and woman who are to be married.



great hunger. But Father taught us morals, and to know the spirits and the idols that they kept for protection. Theirs was a religion of fear. But now you cannot really love God without loving your fellowmen. There were good things in the old days, of course. But my days are better than my father's. Far better."

Younger Africans share some of the basic concepts of these older ones. Sixteen hundred miles northwest of Paul Kasonga's home live Emanuel Ajayi Dahunsi and his wife, Deborah. Between them, they have won five academic degrees in American schools. Dr. Dahunsi's father was a pagan farmer.

Dr. Dahunsi was born near Abeokuta, about one hundred miles from Ogbomosho, Nigeria, where he and his wife are now teaching in the American Southern Baptist Seminary.

"The African 'family' has changed greatly," Dr. Dahunsi told us. "Today it is husband, wife, children—Western type, much narrower than the old. The old family was really a blood-and-marriage community, powerful, stabilizing, wide, interdependent. Nothing today has replaced it. The Christian church could become the family. But that is not the Western pattern. And Christianity has come into Africa with a Western bias."

A number of Africans in other parts of the continent spoke in the same sense as did Dr. Dahunsi. The traditional African family is broken; a new family concept is needed. The Christian gospel has the concept but the Christian church has not sufficiently developed the new family in Africa.

Throughout Africa this feeling is clear: the Western idea, pattern, and practice of Christianity is the present Christian implant in Africa. To many Africans as well as Westerners, Jesus' own concept and practice of Christian community would seem the more desirable and dynamic.

The tribes and communities of Jesus' day had a much less individualistic pattern than the West has today. It was this more communal society into which Jesus came, in which he lived, to which he spoke of the worth and power of the individual. But in Africa today, Christianity, with Jesus' principles at the core, comes in a dress cut and sewn to Western national, cultural, racial, and denominational patterns that were completely absent in Jesus' life and teaching.

It is no wonder that African Christians are confused and that Africans' acceptance of Christianity is limited. The great hope is that the new generation of African leaders, almost all of them men and women who have received basic elements of their education in Christian schools, will build the new family, church, society, and nations most needed by Africa. If these are developed to be truly useful in Africa, they will be sources of strength to every human being. For Africa's human and spiritual potential, its geographic position, and its economic resources destine it to be of great influence in all the world.

The need for resolving the confusion was made plain to us by Mrs. Herbert Chitepo, who lives in Highfield, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. Mrs. Chitepo is a Zulu, graduated from Adams College in Natal (a noted Christian school now taken over and run on apartheid lines by the South African government), and married to another graduate of Adams who studied law in London and is now the only African counselor at law in Salisbury.

We were speaking of family and the security of children.

"Take the matter of a will," she said. "Almost no Africans have made wills. Until this last year or so there was no legal provision for Africans' wills. Only the old customary, tribal laws applied. If my husband died his nearest of kin, his father's half-

brother, could take our home and all the property we have, and our children and me. The wife is married to the family."

In Uganda, Mrs. Katie Kibuka spoke about another problem, the need for wider education for children. "There aren't nearly enough schools for all our children," she said. "And as for religious education, we have to depend a lot on our own teaching. Mrs. Sembegua brings her children over to our place and she and I have Sunday School in our garage." Mrs. Kibuka, one of the organizers of the Y.W.C.A. in Uganda, was in the United States a few years ago with Mrs. Rebecca Mulira, both on Y.W.C.A. fellowships to study how the Y.W. functions in local communities. These women and their husbands are active in church and community affairs in Uganda. They are concerned that the teachings of the Christian faith be instilled in the children of their country.

In Africa, as in North America, the first hospitals were Christian hospitals. In Africa Christian hospitals generally are appreciated by Africans because in them the spiritual and the physical continue to be closely linked, as they are in customary African life.

Coming to Monrovia, Liberia's capital, as a missionary, the Rev. John B. Falconer envisioned a first-rate private Christian hospital to help meet the city's increasing need. He is neither medical man, architect, contractor, nor builder by profession. He is a minister. But he gathered others, consulted, got agreement. He cleared with government, was given the support of his American mission society (the National Baptist), had plans worked out, figured costs, looked after material and equipment purchases, gave general construction oversight, had the fittings and equipment installed, organized the medical staff. And now, while continu-

ing his pastoral ministry, he is acting as superintendent of the finest new hospital in Liberia, well built, and at low cost.

McCord Hospital in Durban, established by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is an excellent treatment and training institution, now under the direction of Dr. Alan B. Taylor. Its nursing graduates have gone all over southern and eastern Africa to live, some to marry and raise families, and to give nursing and health services. Such aid, spiritual and physical, is a great new idea in remote villages.

In Angola, hospitals long maintained by the United Church of Canada, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, and by Swiss and British churches have rendered similar services. And they have had a "plus" factor in Angola, where Roman Catholic and government policy curtails Protestant educational, agricultural, and social teaching and demonstration services. Protestant hospitals are among the clearest windows through which Africans in Angola can see some of the special strengths and spiritual insights of Christianity.

A striking thing to us in 1958 in every one of the twenty-one territories we touched was the mounting thousands of individuals, persons of ability with initiative, who gain new ideas and then move. Movement is everywhere. African leaders represent movement. They not only desire to move but are forced to move. If they do not they will be moved or removed.

The attitude of many Africans seemed to be summed up in words attributed to Dr. Kwegyir Aggrey: "Ask what you want, take what you get, use what you get to get what you want."

The simplest illustration we saw of an idea, a choice, and a consequent movement was in Dar es Salaam. The Rev. and Mrs. Webster Carroll had arrived some months before in Tanganyika

to establish Christian work for the Southern Baptists in that seaport city, which is strongly Muslim. Conferences with the Tanganyika Christian Council and with the government pointed to the need for a community center in the Magomeni section of the city, where there was a big new housing development. The government provided the land, but as newcomers to Africa, still studying the language and with no established contacts, the missionaries were at a loss to know how to begin.

One day Mr. Carroll was driving in the section of the city assigned to them. In an open plot he saw six small boys kicking a tattered tennis ball in an attempt to play football. He stopped, watched a bit, and then in a mixture of simple English, Swahili, and signs, asked if they would like a real ball. Of course they would.

"Right," said Mr. Carroll. "You get six more boys and be here tomorrow at this time. I'll bring the ball."

A trained athletic coach who became a missionary, Mr. Carroll returned the next day and found eighteen boys. Presently there were five soccer teams, 125 boys; and school buildings and a chapel were going up.

Webster Carroll and his colleagues were in business—the business they had come to do, a business that tends to aid all good business, this business of the Christian that begins with an individual choice.

An African proverb says, "A stranger knows not where the hidden water is if no one tells him." Education, agriculture, mining, industry, trade, medicine, communications—paths in Africa to all these hidden waters have been opened by the West, and are being improved by Africans for the masses who need to use them.

Thousands of individual Westerners have chosen to go to Africa, following the paths opened by explorers and by missionaries whose unselfish service prepared a welcome for those who came later. These Western "lay" people brought many contributions to the developing continent, even when their motivation was gross materialism. Trade was introduced and led to cash economy and banking; to farming and mining and building; to roads, rails, and airways; to Western-type law and politics; to science and modern communications.

The work of these lay people was secular to Western minds, accustomed to compartmentalizing the secular and the spiritual. Probably few of them ever imagined that their actions, and their governments' and companies' policies, would be judged by Africans as representative of Christianity.

But such a judgment was the natural tendency for Africans. They reasoned that the new foreigners, coming from countries where Christianity seemed to be the principal religion, must reflect the powers and stimuli of Christianity just as Africans' actions were all bound up in their animistic beliefs.

Even today, the daily doings of every North American, of every Westerner in Africa, and the dealings of Western nations, are likely to be tallied as representing Christian culture and ethics. Of this fact every individual and every business concern from the West should be aware as they enter Africa. All North Americans should be reminded of it as they meet the increasing numbers of African students and visitors coming to Canada and the United States.

About eighteen million Americans are of African descent. The bonds of interest and concern that exist between them and Africans can be significant in establishing the friendliest relations

between Africa's emerging nations and the United States. At the same time, Americans must realize that the people of Africa are increasingly aware of the problems of race relations in this country. Modern communications bring Africa the full stories of the struggle of Negro Americans for civil rights.

Some members of the American diplomatic corps are concerned because of our country's failure to show, in its approach to Africa, the influence that religion has had on our nation and the religious heritage and dynamic that today lie deep in the minds and hearts of tens of millions of Americans. In the great sums spent interpreting America overseas, there seems to be a shunning of reference to the spiritual foundations upon which our nation was built. This lack is a detriment to America's relations not only with Africans but with other peoples of the world as well.

But the responsibility is not government's alone. It belongs to individuals. An African proverb says "Love is not possible by proxy;" Africans judge the West by the way individual Westerners act. If a Westerner feels true friendship for Africa, Africans are quick to discern and respond to it.

We saw many right-acting Westerners in Africa and were impressed by the service-minded visitors—doctors, dentists, scientists, research men and women, writers—who give of themselves for varying periods of time. Africans are coming to North America for similar purposes. Service motives are high in a considerable portion of these exchanges.

Service is at the heart of the Christian church and is recognized as such in Africa. Countless Africans have shown dedication to Christian service. One is Mrs. Mattie Lukoki.

After eleven years of study, Mrs. Lukoki is now one of three

Protestant women in the lower Congo to have graduated from a full nursing course.

"What was hardest in these long years of study?" we asked.

"My uncle's anger when I wouldn't marry the man he picked for me. In our custom the maternal uncle gets the bride-price, sharing it with the girl's parents. The man picked for me had promised a good price and my uncle wanted it. But my parents stood by me. 'You must finish the nurse's training,' they said. And my teachers at the mission encouraged me.

"Then I fell in love with a fellow student at Sona Bata and promised to marry him when I finished my course. My friends said I'd better take a good husband while I could get him, that he would never wait for me. But Thimothée, who finished school two years ahead of me, insisted he would wait—and he did."

Thimothée Lukoki is employed in the office of one of Congo's large industrial and transport firms. Mrs. Lukoki is head nurse in a Baptist clinic in Leopoldville.

They went to Belgium for the 1958 exposition, and in the same year Mrs. Lukoki flew to Nigeria as a Congo delegate to the first all-Africa Christian conference.

"On her return," an American missionary told us, "she was a prime mover in doing what the missionaries had not done successfully—she created an effective organization of the African women of the Baptist churches. The movement she has started is spreading already through the village churches. This is their own, an African women's Christian movement. They are assuming responsibility for it as never before."

Mrs. Lukoki told us, "We are trying with all our strength to help our five children develop a feeling of responsibility and the courage to meet responsibility."

Senator Theodore F. Green visited Africa for the first time in 1956. A short time after his return, we had the opportunity to ask him what impressed him most in Africa. For ten minutes he spoke about three persons; one of them was Haile Selassie, emperor of Ethiopia, and the other two were Africans much less known but highly competent. He scarcely mentioned economics and politics and said nothing about institutions, scenery, or history-in-the-making. Senator Green, because of his leadership in the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, had been constantly immersed in policies, politics, finances, programs. He knows them well. He could have viewed Africa in the light of these interests. But when he was asked what impressed him most about Africa, he spoke of three persons.

Africa is disturbed. Persons throughout the continent are disturbed and questing. Persons over the whole world are disturbed, more persons and more disturbed than at any other time in history, all seeking, questing. Where is life to be found in all this? And what? How can life be gained, and held? How find God? And His power for good? How know the good? And be able to do it?

Toward the end of our African journey we tarried for four days and four nights in the simple serving center that Albert Schweitzer forty-six years ago began to fashion on the shore of the slowly winding waters of the Ogowé River at Lambaréné in Gabon.

On our last evening, after dinner was over, the long dining table was cleared. Twenty-four hymn books and Bibles were placed on the table before the staff and guests. The seven green-shaded kerosene lamps down the table's center gave soft, yellow light. Dr. Schweitzer announced the hymn, rose, went to the

well-used piano in the half-light at the side of the long room, played a few improvised chords that led into the hymn, and we sang together.

Returning to the center seat on the far side of the table, Dr. Schweitzer drew a Bible to him and turned through its leaves. The pages coming to rest, he read silently the French scripture for a moment or two.

Then he lifted the Bible, read aloud eight words, bowed his head, prayed. Those eight words are recorded in Luke 17:21. They give Jesus' most concise answer to the questing thoughts of Africans and of men and women everywhere. They place supreme responsibility on persons. Those eight words:

"Behold, the kingdom of God is within you."



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top, 98, 99, 139 bottom, 161; INFORCONGO: 48; LEON V. KOFOD: 59 top,
82, 148, 173 bottom; HARRINGTON FROM THREE LIONS: 74 bottom, 149;
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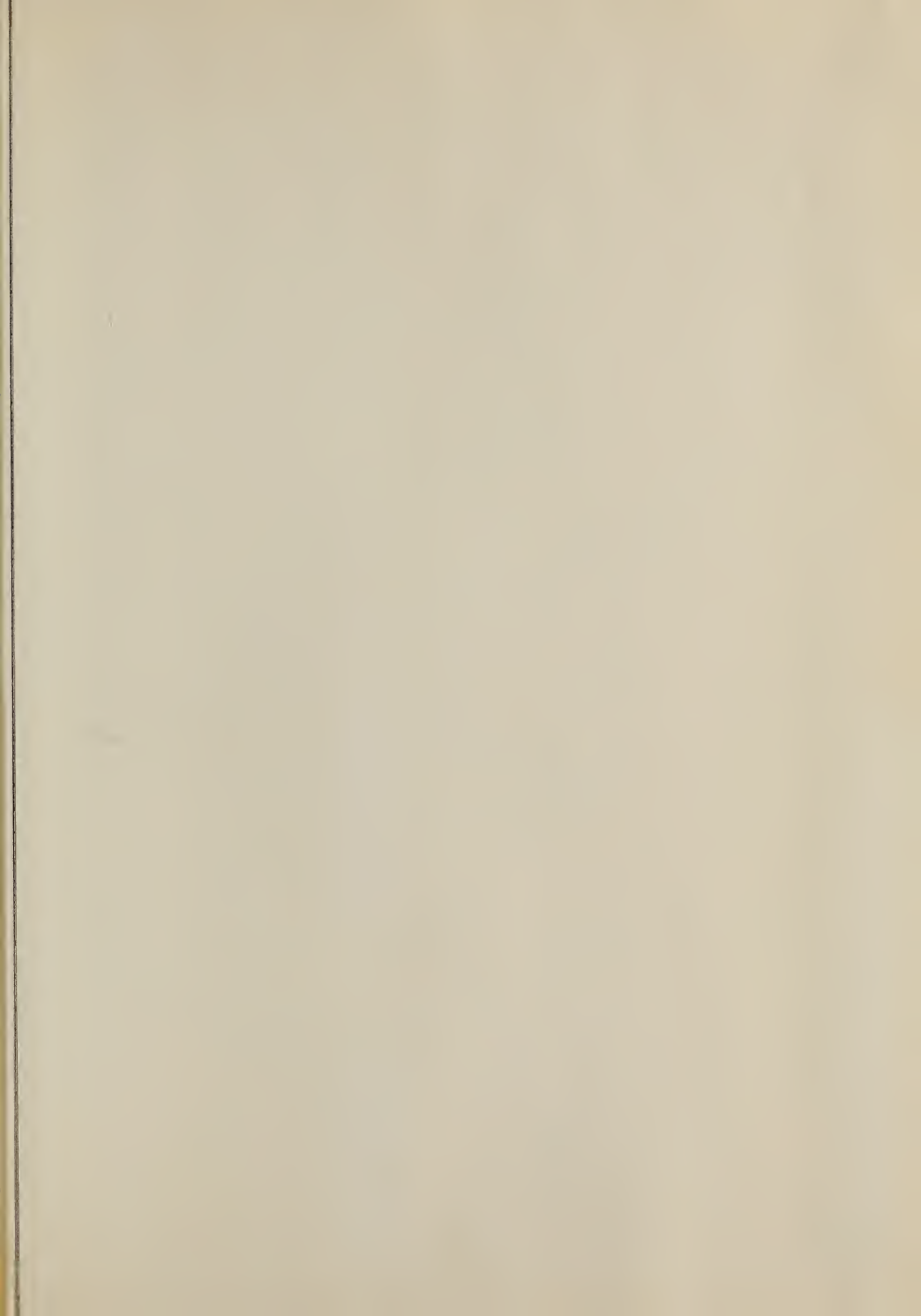
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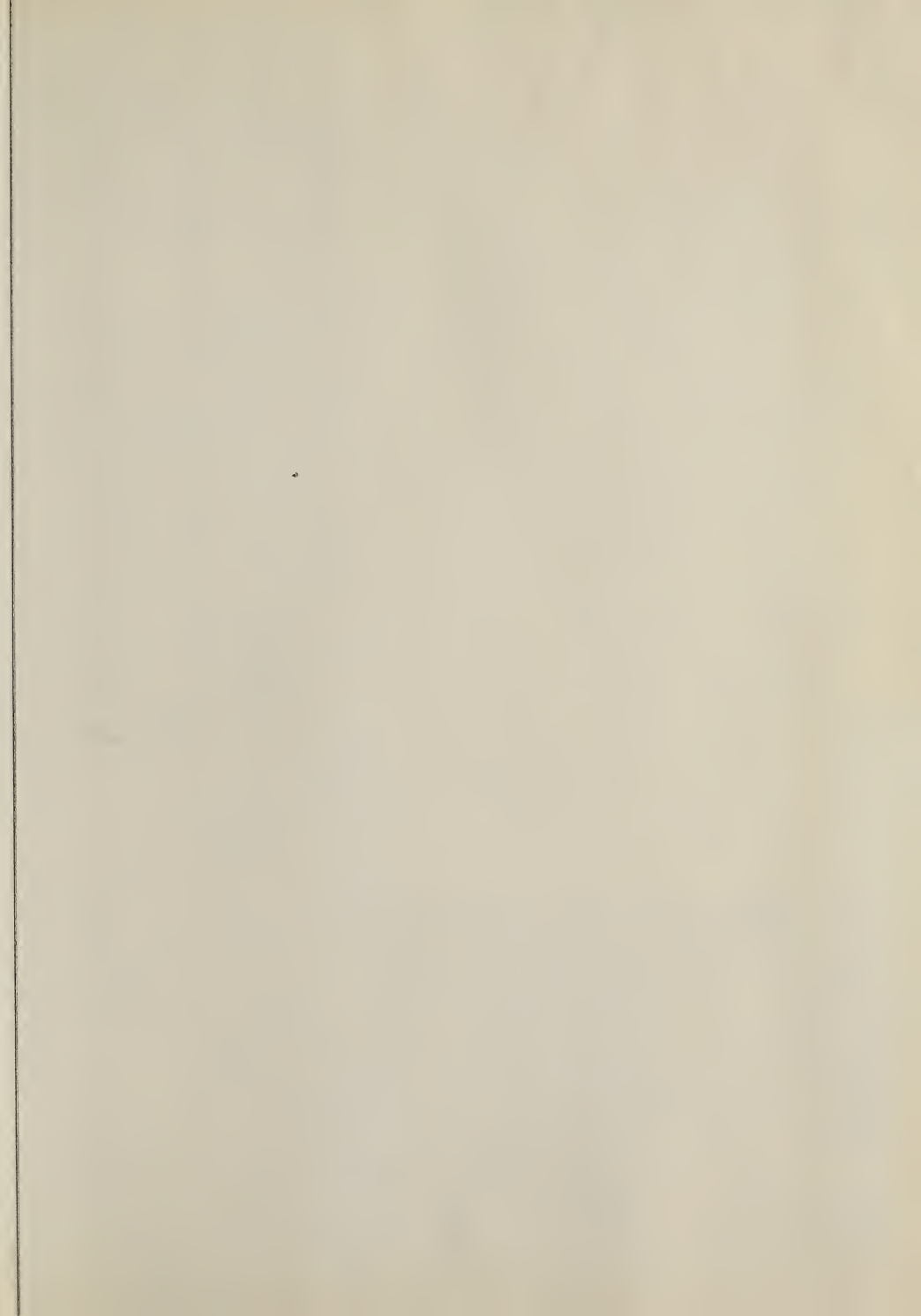


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